Will Gandhi Win? *by Richard B. Gregg*

The Nation

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William Zukerman

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Oswald Garrison Villard

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The Nation

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The curious psychology of the attackers, which permitted them to plunge forward and yet, when they were obstructed and in some cases attacked, to offer no defense, has created a vexing problem for the police.

EXACTLY! This naive quotation from the New York *Times* explains just why it is that the Nationalist movement is steadily making headway with even the Mohammedans beginning to go in. Never in the history of the world has there been such amazing self-control by great masses of people. Two hundred thousand persons in Bombay forced the police to yield and let them into the "fort area" of the city they were forbidden to enter, merely by their refusal to attack the police before whom for four hours they sat down singing their Nationalist songs. On May 21 the brilliant correspondent of the United Press, Webb Miller, reported:

> I personally saw more than 200 Nationalists in a temporary hospital where they were carried by volunteers. . . . Most of the injuries were head wounds, fractured arms and wrists. The Surat native police lost their tempers. I saw them kick volunteers already lying on the ground. My clothes were splashed with mud when the police flung volunteers into the ditches. The spectacle of their beating the unresisting volunteers was so painful I was frequently forced to turn away from the crowd.

On that day at Dharasara no less than 630 were injured by blows from the police sticks, yet not one native lost his self-control and not one policeman was injured. On May 25 at Wadala more than 30,000 Nationalists ran over the police and successfully raided the salt works there. No wonder the Associated Press reports that news "from all parts of India shows that the unrest is gradually growing," and the London *Express* hears that "the country faces the gravest situation since the campaign began."

MUSSOLINI AS FIRE-EATER plays no new role, but he has been playing it of late in a manner that occasions some concern. In speeches at Florence, Leghorn, Milan, and elsewhere, delivered before vast crowds who responded with frenzied applause, he has been descanting upon the great achievements of fascism, pointing to the splendid future which he sees awaiting Italy, and glorifying force and arms in a fashion to suggest that if he does not himself exactly intend to provoke a war, he would not be at all averse to see a war actually break out. France in particular is disturbed at the references, thinly veiled but contemptuous, which Mussolini has several times made to Italy's relations with its western neighbor, and wonders what the Duce meant when he exclaimed at Milan: "We came back from Versailles with a mutilated victory, but victory is still within our grasp." Does he think of ripping open the peace treaties in the hope of getting by force some undescribed satisfaction that Italy failed to get eleven years ago? Probably not. Mussolini is a demagogue, and demagogues must talk. Like the horse of Scripture, their strength is in their mouth. The trouble is that such incendiary harangues are dangerous; they rouse suspicion and fear abroad and nourish an ugly temper at home.

WHAT CAN ONE SAY about the case of Senator Clarence C. Dill? We have already called attention to his extraordinary conduct in connection with the tariff bill. This he capped by casting the vote which made it possible to retain the provision giving the President the power to continue to raise or lower tariffs. He had opposed this principle and voted against it steadily until the last moment. His change of position not only retained the President's tariff-making power, but actually saved the whole tariff bill, although he had voted against it when it passed the Senate. It is an extremely unfortunate coincidence for the Senator that the very next day after he switched Chairman Hawley of the Ways and Means Committee of the House raised the tariff on lumber to one dollar per thousand feet—Senator Dill had been voting steadily in favor of a higher tariff on lumber. When we commented several weeks ago on the Senators who swapped their votes and included Senator Dill in the list he and his friends were indignant. What is one to think now? Since we have Senator Dill's assurance that his motives are of the best we must conclude that there is something radically wrong with his intellectual processes.

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TO THE LAST HEARING the admirals in Washington continued to make a holy show of themselves in their testimony as to the naval treaty. Senator Reed effectively put Rear-Admiral Jones out of action by producing a letter which showed that eleven months ago he was advocating precisely the opposite of the position which he is now taking, namely, that by the substitution of six-inch guns for eight-inch the American people have been abandoned and left naked to their enemy, Great Britain. Rear-Admiral Jones explained that the similar twistings of the General Board of the Navy were "camouflage" to deceive the British into yielding what we wished—a nice, honorable, and kindly attitude toward our recent ally on the fields of Flanders! Rear-Admiral Bristol cuts hardly any better figure. The truth is that admirals the world over are the real enemies of peace and of disarmament. What do we see today? A majority of our American admirals testifying that we were betrayed at London, that the treaty degrades us and does not give us parity. In Japan at the same time an admiral commits suicide in protest against the betrayal of Japan and its naval degradation by the British and Americans. In London the British admirals and the Tories rave because England was taken into camp and tricked by the Americans. We repeat—it is the admirals who are the enemies of peace.

OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY goes out to the Quakers the world over. It is bad enough to have a Quaker President of the United States who goes on peace missions on a battleship and reviews the fleet at the same time that he is contributing money for a new Quaker meeting-house in Washington. But now comes along this same President's brother, who sat on the same Quaker meeting-house benches with him as a boy, to announce the most extraordinary doctrine ever voiced by an adherent of the faith of William Penn, of George Fox and Elias Hicks. Here are the sentiments which Professor Theodore Hoover has been giving to his students in engineering at Leland Stanford:

> The human race develops by war and succeeds in war in proportion to its use of metals. Races perish in peace. Culture is increased by the invention of new weapons. The pacifist errs in assuming that peace is desirable. Emerson says, "Everything we have must be paid for." We Americans are living in unpaid luxury and must pay in the future by blood and hard work.

Professor Hoover protested against the publication of this matter on the ground that it was a breach of the "inviolability of the classroom," and he made the following sapient remark: "I believe in all efforts directed toward the achievement of perpetual peace, but at the same time I have a fear that they will all prove ineffectual." He thereby does his best to make them ineffectual by teaching the doctrines of Bernhardi and all the bloody-handed militarists in the history of the world. Professor Hoover ought to apologize to the Kaiser and all his generals and admirals, while admitting that they were entirely right in their teachings.

THE FEDERAL POWER COMMISSION, according to an announcement of May 19, has granted the license at site Number 1 on the Flathead Indian reservation to the Rocky Mountain Power Company, a subsidiary of the Montana Power Company, one of the Electric Bond and Share group. The rental has been fixed on a flat annual basis under which the Indians will receive an average of $140,000 a year during the first twenty years. After that date the rent is subject to readjustment. In the opinion of Assistant Commissioner Scattergood, who has been largely in charge of negotiations, the contract represents the most advanced form of agreement, from the standpoint of the protection of the public interest, of any yet entered into by the commission. He believes that the separate accounting required of the Montana Power Company's subsidiary, together with the provision for a return based essentially on prudent investment, lays the basis for active rate control by the State commission, the federal commission having no control over rates. We have already expressed our conviction that in view of the present unsatisfactory condition in the Federal Power Commission it is highly undesirable for that body at this time to take final action in a matter of this importance. That question aside, while we realize the arguments that are urged in behalf of getting the dam started at once, we regret to see this commanding source of power passing into the hands of the great concern that dominates so largely the economic and political life of Montana; for we see little hope under these circumstances for effective State control of rates. Walter H. Wheeler, the rival bidder for the license, on May 20 stated that he would appeal to the Federal Power Commission against the decision, and if beaten there would appeal to the courts.

COMMISSIONER WHALEN, with a graceful bow, steps out of the spotlight in New York City, and plain Mr. Whalen—except for a gardenia and a top hat—resumes his position at Wanamaker's department store and his post as Chief Official Welcomer and Offerer of the Freedom of the City to distinguished visitors. We shall, of course, hear more of Mr. Whalen; no man with a gift for publicity like his can fail to make the news now and then. We shall remember that it was Mr. Whalen who improved New York's traffic problem and did not locate Mr. Rothstein's murderer; who tried to make jaywalking a crime and could not put uniforms on taxi drivers. We shall even recall, perhaps, that Mr. Whalen, with his red documents, was largely instrumental in bringing about the inquiry into Communist activities in the country, passed in the House of Representatives by a vote of 210 to 18. Commissioner Mulrooney, Mr. Whalen's successor as head of the New York police force, is a modest, unassuming man who made his way up from the ranks. He is said to be thoroughly honest, well-intentioned, and anxious to avoid public notice. The last quality will recommend him to the city's vaudeville mayor, and the former may see him through to the accomplishment of a good job. Meanwhile, certain words of Representative Snell, chairman of the House Rules Committee, in the debate on the proposed Communist-inquiry resolution are worth recording. Mr. Huddleston of Alabama asked: "Is this resolution broad enough to include fascism?"

> MR. SNELL. Include what?
> MR. HUDDLESTON. Fascism, fascism.
> MR. SNELL. I don't know what that is, but I guess it is.

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TO GIFFORD PINCHOT go our congratulations upon his winning of the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania, even carrying the city of Pittsburgh although running as a dry. It is perfectly obvious, however, that if it had not been a three-cornered race the Vare candidate would have won. The drys will nevertheless make considerable capital out of the result, for Pinchot ran best in the rural districts where prohibition is strongest. As for the Senatorship, President Hoover is heartily to be felicitated upon his now having the chance to appoint a new Secretary of Labor in place of the dull and reactionary James J. Davis, who has defeated the great Grundy himself. From another point of view Mr. Hoover is not so fortunate; Joe Grundy is now free to indulge to the full his hatred of the President and to work day and night against his renomination. The campaign, be it noted, resulted in much loss of prestige for the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton, for his own city went back on him and Vare successfully challenged his leadership. Senator Reed's days in the Senate now seem numbered. It must not, however, be believed that the defeat of Grundy means a protest against the Grundy tariff. Far from it; there are multitudes in Pennsylvania who feel that it is not nearly high enough. In its essence this has been but another fight between bosses while the public is diverted from the main arena by the prohibition and tariff sideshows.

PALESTINE ADDS ITS BIT to the British government's troubles in India, where it is highly necessary to conciliate Mohammedan sympathies. An Arab delegation from Palestine, including the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, conferred with the British Colonial Office on the subjects, among others, of land, immigration, and a constitution; and on May 13 Lord Passfield was obliged to reply "that the sweeping constitutional changes demanded by them were wholly unacceptable, since they would have rendered it impossible for His Majesty's Government to carry out its obligations under the terms of the mandate." In consequence the Arabs are reported to be leaving London in a bitter frame of mind—a bad thing for India. Six days after Lord Passfield's statement the High Commissioner for Palestine, according to an Associated Press dispatch, announced that, effective May 15, all immigration to Palestine was suspended pending the report of Sir John Simpson, who has been sent out from London to report on land and immigration. This report led to a well-justified and world-wide Jewish protest, backed by a peaceful half-day general strike of all Jews in Palestine. Two days after the original announcement Dr. Drummond Shiels, undersecretary of the Colonial Office, hastily announced in the House of Commons that there had been no general stoppage of immigration and no final decision as to a schedule covering the period ending September 30. Under the mandate the Jews have the right of immigration and land settlement in accordance with the economic possibilities of the country, and they will have the hearty support of fair-minded persons in insisting that their rights be respected to the letter by the mandatory Power, no matter what the exigencies of imperial politics. We believe that it is the purpose of the British government to respect those rights. The economic and cultural achievements of Zionism have been a cheering feature of the post-war decade. The further development of this admirable program will undoubtedly be one of the best ways of settling political differences between Arab and Jew.

Dollar Books

THE announcement, coming simultaneously from four reputable publishers, that they plan to publish books at half or less than half of the prices now current will probably be welcomed with hosannas by the book-buying public. Doubleday, Doran, Simon and Schuster, and Farrar and Rinehart promise new, full-length, and well-printed novels for $1 each. Coward-McCann will sell first novels for $1.50, thus relieving the alleged prejudice of booksellers against the work of an unknown author. Albert Boni will issue the Boni paper books at fifty cents each.

It is, of course, plain that the book publishers, like everyone else engaged in business, have suffered from the trade depression that followed last year's market collapse. They have suffered simultaneously from the widely successful sale, mainly in chain drug-stores, of new, popular, and readable books at a dollar. Some publishers, shaking their heads, have called it the worst spring in history. Best sellers have languished; moderate sellers have gathered dust on the shelves. The public, so the sad story goes, is not buying books. But the public, according to an official of the Doubleday, Doran firm, bought 60,000 copies of Star Dollar Books in one month at one drug-store in New York City. This would seem to indicate very plainly that if people will not, and perhaps cannot, buy books as luxuries at from $2 to $5, they can and will buy them in large quantities as necessaries for $1.

Undoubtedly the book clubs, offering new books at bargain prices, have whetted the appetite of book buyers for more of the same. Is there any reason why a current novel should not be issued in paper covers at a dollar—or less? Is there any reason why persons of moderate means should pay $2.50 for a novel that they do not want to keep on their book shelves, but merely read for an evening's entertainment? In Europe paper books, attractive in format, have been published right along for a small sum. In England there is at least one flourishing sixpenny library.

A very pretty price war is evidently to result from the new plan. Ten other publishers, among them Harpers, the Macmillan Company, G. P. Putnam's Sons, and E. P. Dutton and Company, have come out with a vigorous protest against the price cut as economically unsound. Books have not been costing too much, they say, and the procedure of issuing cheap reprints after a book's first popularity has waned is better business for publisher, bookseller, and author. The public, in this case, must be the final arbiter. If it buys dollar books in large quantities, unquestionably all publishers will be driven to the necessity of selling books at that price. As for the poor author, whose royalties are cut in half under the new plan, he cannot complain if his sales are doubled. For it is a sad fact that most authors are obliged to write, as Jane Austen said so neatly, "for fame and not for pecuniary emolument."

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Government by Abstention

WE are still unable to recover from our astonishment at Secretary Stimson's revelation that President Hoover gave no "specific instructions . . . either written or verbal" to those he sent to London to represent the United States at the Naval Disarmament Conference. From another source, equally reliable, we learn that after the delegation sailed for England Mr. Hoover *never communicated with Mr. Stimson and his associates by letter, telephone, or cablegram.* He had selected what he considered a highly competent delegation and to them he intrusted the negotiations, so vital to President Hoover's own reputation and, what is vastly more important, so vital to the peace, prosperity, and happiness of the United States. Never did he seek to direct their negotiations, to voice his own views, to offer counsel or advice, approval or disapproval. Having appointed the commission he washed his hands of the whole matter, made it plain that he would accept whatever they brought back, and apparently even felt that if the delegates returned with empty hands, as appeared for weeks altogether likely, his policy of non-intervention would be entirely justified.

This is what we call government by avoidance, or better, abstention. What Secretary Stimson regards as a virtue we, as we have previously set forth, consider as an amazing and an alarming shirking of a most solemn official duty. If this constitutes living up to the responsibilities of the Presidency then we do not know what those responsibilities can be. If this constitutes leadership then we have been for decades utterly mistaken in our definition of what constitutes leadership. This may be government after the manner of mining engineers, but by no stretch of imagination can it be called statesmanship. It is well, indeed, to give confidence and freedom of action to one's representatives, whether in business or in diplomacy. But to send delegates forth without specific program or policy or proposal is as bad business as it is bad diplomacy. We cannot believe that any captain of industry would thus send his representatives to a negotiation for a merger or combination. We cannot see how the President of the United States is morally justified in turning over to others that duty to devote himself to the welfare of this Union to which he is pledged by the most solemn of oaths. Is it surprising that his delegates came back with nothing but a miserable compromise which may yet cost this country a billion dollars in new warship construction?

This attitude of President Hoover is the more extraordinary and the less understandable because of the record of this country at the Washington conference of 1921. Mr. Hoover knows that at its very opening Mr. Hughes electrified the gathering and insured a highly substantial achievement by offering in his opening address a definite specific proposal, to the naming of the very ships involved. There was nothing left to chance here; there was no trusting to luck that at the eleventh hour something worth while might emerge—if anything came out at all. With this example before him—Mr. Hoover was in the audience when Secretary Hughes made his memorable address—how could he fail to profit by it and pattern after it? Not to do so was to shirk. Not to do so was to forget the statement signed by President Hoover and Prime Minister MacDonald on October 9 last in which they stated that the agreement then reached represented "a substantial contribution to the efforts universally made by all nations to gain securities of peace," and that it gave the unqualified promise that there would be unceasing effort to remove "as many differences as possible before the official and formal negotiations opened." How is this to be reconciled with the dispatching of delegates without a single suggestion of how to carry through the high hopes held out to the American and British people of an epoch-making reduction in the fleets?

Against this interpretation of the American Presidency and what occupancy of the White House connotes, we emphatically protest. That way lies not leadership but extremely dangerous weakness. If in so vital a matter the President can give over his responsibilities to some delegation of minor officials, what would not Mr. Hoover do in a still graver situation involving even more directly the issues of peace and war? But this policy of government by abstention seems to be inherent in Mr. Hoover's attitude toward his office. His passion for appointing commissions and groups to deal with any given problem was manifest, it is true, when he was Secretary of Commerce. It was not dreamed that he would act similarly when invested with the highest office in the land. Yet this is precisely what he has done. Whenever an emergency has arisen he has appointed a commission and let it go at that. Is there a crash in Wall Street? Then call together the business men, form them into various groups, and leave to them the formulating of measures to be taken and safeguards to be devised to protect the country from a recurrence of these dire happenings. Only in the case of the heavy unemployment has the President failed to utilize his favorite device. There government by abstention from responsibility has been complete. Not a finger has the President lifted to deal with this grave problem. No wonder that the Omaha *World-Herald* declares that "confronted, unfortunately, by a succession of crises, he has seemed to meet them sitting down. He has provided no inspiration, sounded no bugle note. Apathy has spread to his natural followers and with it something of discouragement and apprehension." Or that the Chicago *Daily News* declares it would be especially pleasing to the American people and a cause for rejoicing "should they discover that they had a fighting Quaker in the White House. That discovery, if made, would be of material assistance to the President in rallying public opinion. . . ." Or that the Sioux City *Journal* hopes that "President Hoover will now emerge from his shell and commence fighting." Or that that staunch Hooverite, the Kansas City *Star,* hopes that the President will "swing around the circle" and explain "to the folks back home" what he has in mind and what he is trying to do. These are the plaintive appeals of warm friends. The truth is that government by abstention and avoidance leads only to defeat and may lead to disaster.

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Who Wants the Tariff?

WHO wants the new tariff? Not the consumer, who is going to pay higher prices. Not the farmer, who has been buncoed again. Not the wage-earner, who will find in it no remedy for unemployment. Not the statesman, who finds it imperiling our relations with other countries. Who, then, does want it?

The business man, we are told, for he stands selfishly to gain by it. But most of our business men will not gain by it, and plenty of them are saying so in no uncertain terms. Henry Ford calls on his friend Herbert Hoover to veto it in the interest of manufacturers as well as other classes. James D. Mooney, vice-president of the General Motors Corporation, demands its defeat because it imperils our foreign trade. General Motors sells 15 per cent of its entire volume abroad, and Mr. Mooney declares that it faces a drop of 60 per cent in foreign sales this year as compared with last. The result of the New York *World's* poll is only another indication that Mr. Mooney speaks for all the export manufacturers in attacking the bill.

Their present concern is only too well founded. With exports during the first three months of 1930 down by $286,000,000, or more than 20 per cent, from 1929, we already face a new Canadian tariff, put into effect on May 2, that affects unfavorably $300,000,000 worth of our exports. The retaliatory French automobile tariff is a sorrowful present fact. No fewer than thirty-three countries have forwarded protests against our new duties, and two representatives of foreign countries have recently taken the unusual course of calling attention in public addresses to the danger to trade relations involved in the present bill. Spain sells us $30,000,000 worth of goods a year and buys twice that value from us. Ambassador de Padilla puts the case in a nutshell: "A small number of people here in the United States might be against the importation of cork, olive oil, and these other products, but a much larger number of people are looking forward to an increasing exportation of motor cars, films, cotton, machinery, agricultural implements, and novelties." Switzerland sells one-sixth of all her watches in our market. The new duties mean a practical embargo on watches and clocks, to say nothing of the effect on cheese, embroideries, and other Swiss products. How will Switzerland buy if she cannot sell? Small wonder that the *Manchester Guardian* reports from Geneva "a violent reaction against American goods," or that Minister Peter takes an unusual means of calling attention to the possible dangers. Isaac F. Marcosson scarcely exaggerates in calling our present tariff program "a pact of economic suicide." The business men in our export industries do not want the new tariff.

The demand for it, as far as there is any, comes from particular industries, sometimes particular establishments, which for one reason or another want to be freed from foreign competition. There is no evidence of any general interest to be served by the bill; there is overwhelming evidence of general injury. It is only the political power of a combination of special interests, skilfully managed by log-rolling, that has carried the bill through to its passage. Even Pennsylvania has already vetoed its principal author, Mr. Grundy. Let Mr. Hoover veto the Grundy tariff.

How Long, Labor?

THE resignation of Sir Oswald Mosley from the MacDonald Government is a stiff blow at Mr. MacDonald's prestige—the hardest, on the whole, that the Labor Party has had to take. To be sure, the office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster which Sir Oswald gave up is of minor political importance, and the refusal of the Labor members of the House of Commons by an overwhelming majority to approve a motion censuring the unemployment policy of the Government leaves Mr. MacDonald still in command. It is also true that the country, with the last general election only a year behind it, is not anxious to have another, and that the Conservatives, the only party that might successfully contest the hold of Labor, are not at all eager to take over the responsibilities of government just at this time. The fact remains, however, that there has been a breach in the Cabinet, and that one of Mr. MacDonald's most intimate associates has retired because of a sharp difference with his chief over the question which dominates all other domestic issues.

The stone of stumbling is unemployment. The particular proposals whose rejection by the Cabinet led to Sir Oswald's resignation do not seem, on the surface, to be very much more radical than some of the things to which the Labor Government is already committed. They contemplate, for the relief of unemployment, a large loan in aid of industrial reconstruction, pensions for workers at the age of sixty, a higher age limit for compulsory school attendance, national plans for road-building, and government control of the importation and price of wheat. With the exception of the latter item, the proposals appear to be in principle pretty much in accord with the program of public works, reorganization or "rationalization" of industry, and unemployment benefits which the Commons have been debating for several months, and parts of which have already been put into operation. The obvious inference to be drawn from the rejection of the proposals is that the Government, which has promised much, is a good deal less sure than it once was of the soundness of its procedure, that what it has done has been disappointing, and that it is reluctant to go much farther until it can see more light.

The Government may well feel baffled, for the difficulties are appalling. The number of unemployed in Great Britain has reached the alarming total of about 1,700,000, with the likelihood that it will reach 2,000,000 by the end of the year. Some 7,500,000 persons, or about one-sixth of the population, it is reported, are receiving direct government aid, in the form of pensions of various kinds, at an annual cost of about $815,000,000. What makes matters worse is that, notwithstanding this colossal expenditure, there is no relief in sight. Financially, the Government is pouring money into what seems like a bottomless pit.

Unemployment, however, is not the only embarrassment. The Liberals, without whose support Mr. MacDonald would have only a narrow plurality in the House of Commons, have virtually given notice that they must not be counted upon further unless they can be assured of reform in the electoral system, at the same time that the Independent Labor following, whose votes are necessary to

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give the Government a majority over the Conservatives, are arrayed aggressively in opposition. The Snowden budget, the main debate on which is just beginning, has already drawn a violent attack from the Conservatives, and the Senate committee hearings at Washington have furnished some formidable ammunition for the opponents of the London naval treaty. There are ominous rumblings and explosions in various parts of the Empire that are bound to have their repercussions in the Commons: a general election in Canada with tariff retaliation against the United States as a leading issue; resentment in Egypt at the flat refusal of the MacDonald Government to release British hold on the Sudan; a violent controversy in Malta involving British relations with the Vatican; a startling vote in the South African Assembly declaring that approval of the recommendations of the Imperial Conference "must not be taken as derogating from the right of any member of the British Commonwealth to withdraw therefrom"; and the distressing problem of India.

Mr. MacDonald has promised, now that the naval conference is out of the way, to give more personal attention to unemployment. If he can show himself able to cope with that problem his success will count heavily in his favor with every other. If he fails there the days of his continuance in office are numbered.

Obscenity in Court

JOHN S. SUMNER and his redoubtable society no longer have things all their way—as was demonstrated a short time ago when the case which they had brought against Nathan Asch's novel "Pay Day" was dismissed in a magistrate's court. We were not especially concerned over the fate of that particular novel, but we are very much interested in the general principle involved, and we consider the brief which Morris L. Ernst submitted for the defendants to be the most significant summing up which we have ever seen of the law as it now stands. Mr. Ernst makes it clear that several of the recent victories won for freedom of expression have established precedents of great importance, and that the courts are gradually building up a liberal interpretation of the law which promises in time to assure a reasonable attitude on the part of judges toward contemporary literature.

Mr. Ernst is, of course, concerned only with New York State, but he begins by saying:

> In recent years *there has not been a single instance* where a book generally accepted by the public, the press, literary critics, the reading public, and the community at large, and openly dealt with by the publishers and the book trade, was ultimately condemned by the courts. . . .
>
> This statement is fully borne out by such books as Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin," the anonymous "Madeleine," the "Satyricon" of Petronius, Cabell's "Jurgen," "A Young Girl's Diary," Schnitzler's "Casanova's Homecoming," Bodenheim's "Replenishing Jessica," Radclyffe Hall's "The Well of Loneliness," and the Dennett pamphlet. All of these publications were claimed to be obscene by Mr. Sumner. None of them was finally condemned by the courts.

Moreover, the opinions which accompanied several of the decisions rendered in favor of these books defined the issue in a way which cannot but be very gratifying to those who hope to see the law aligned with enlightened opinion rather than with fanatics of Mr. Sumner's kind. In the first place, several opinions have established the fact that any work prosecuted in the courts must be considered as a whole. Thus, while Massachusetts permitted the citation of single words or sentences, one of the higher New York courts, in reversing the opinion of a lower tribunal, remarked:

> No work may be judged from a selection of such paragraphs alone. Printed by themselves they might, as a matter of law, come within the prohibition of the statute. So might a similar selection from Aristophanes, or Chaucer, or Boccaccio, or even from the Bible. The book, however, must be considered broadly as a whole.

Nor is this opinion, important as it is, the only one of liberal character which has been established. The decision in favor of the defendants in the case of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" effectively disposes of the argument that a subject matter, even that of sexual perversity, can be considered obscene per se, and still more significant is the tendency exhibited in several opinions to recognize the fact that the standard of decency is variable and determined rather by prevalent custom than by dogma.

Mr. Ernst cites opinions which indicate an acceptance of this attitude. Thus in the case of the *People* v. *Seltzer* the court said: "Moral standards of thought are not of static . . . nature." In that of the *United States* v. *Kennerly* Judge Learned Hand remarked:

> If there be no abstract definition, such as I have suggested, should not the word "obscene" be allowed to indicate the *present critical point* in the compromise between candor and shame at which the community may have arrived *here and now?* . . . Such words as these do not embalm the precise morals of an age or place; while they presuppose that some things will always be shocking to the public taste, the vague subject matter is left to the *gradual development of general notions about what is decent.*

And in the same opinion Judge Hand, in commenting upon a previous decision given by another court in a different case, remarked further:

> I hope it is not improper for me to say that the rule laid down (i. e., in *Regina* v. *Hicklin*), however consonant it may be with mid-Victorian morals, does not seem to me to answer to the understanding and morality of the present time, as conveyed by the words "obscene, lewd, or lascivious." I question whether or not in the end men . . . will not believe that truth and beauty are too precious to society at large to be mutilated in the interests of those most likely to pervert them to base uses. Indeed, it seems hardly likely that we are even today so lukewarm in our interest in letters or serious discussion as to be content to reduce our treatment of sex to the standard of a child's library in the supposed interests of a salacious few.

Laws against obscene literature will probably always remain on the statute books. Those interested in the free development of adult literature will consider themselves fortunate if such laws are interpreted to mean merely that the law may take action against those books which outrage the sensibilities of the enlightened opinion of the time.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

THIS would be a rather late hour in which to express surprise at the intense bitterness which bigots manifest toward heretics. But I am somewhat surprised to find in many cases the same sort of all-embracing and dogmatic hate upon the part of the heretics. It is much more logical for a bigot to be bigoted than for a so-called freethinker. But even the atheists seem to have creeds, by-laws, and a leaning toward at least an intellectual inquisition. It is not unknown for them, too, to cry out, "Crucify him."

And to be much more specific, I believe that there is a certain unscientific thoughtlessness in such rationalists as hop up and down and utter fierce cries whenever the supernatural is mentioned. In Russia, for instance, the leaders of the Communist faith, which is the state religion, are intent upon stamping out all belief, or even interest, in the supernatural. And if press reports are to be believed (and very often they are not) the Russian leaders of education would take away all fairy stories from the rising generation.

The association of religious myths with secular legends seems to me sound enough. Both arise from the same instinct in man. Both belong inevitably in the life of man. To extirpate them is to destroy some of the deepest roots of the mind, the very roots which go down far below the surface and make contact with the living water. For what is a myth or a miracle? I say that a miracle is something which has not happened yet, but which will almost assuredly come to pass within the existence of human kind. What man can conceive, that man can achieve.

Russia, which prides itself upon the manner in which it is bringing the latest and soundest scientific thought to all the masses, has studied rather ineptly the work of Dr. Freud. To be sure, Dr. Freud himself has written anti-religious treatises, but the great physician suffers under one vital handicap. It has never been his privilege to be psycho-analyzed by Dr. Freud. Possibly he too has missed the essential importance of myth content in human thought. Man cannot live by bread alone nor can he survive up to the limit of his best potentialities upon the precise information of laboratory science.

That is not the whole of science. The requirements of the scientific method must admit a great deal more. The scientific process means no more than the close and careful examination of data before the drawing of deductions. He would be a timid research man indeed who would abandon all speculation on some phase of life simply because he did not possess apparatus intricate enough and sufficiently sensitive to make his experiments thoroughgoing. "This I have reason to believe" is just as much a scientific statement as "This I can demonstrate."

I think there is abundant proof that in man there does reside the gift of prophecy. Always the dream comes first and after that the actuality. And so, although I would not think of maintaining that the whale swallowed Jonah, I feel quite certain that some day he will. I am not in the least impressed by those higher critics of the Bible who assemble excellent evidence to prove that no such person as Jesus Christ ever lived. To me this seems irrelevant in the scheme of universal salvation. My faith is more deeply rooted than that of the fundamentalists. I feel that the mankind which can fashion the concept of an individual without flaw or blemish can, in its own good time, past or future, produce that very person.

Never, to the best of my knowledge and belief, has the entire body of living human beings ever ardently desired a happening without that thing coming eventually to pass. "Hold on," you say, "how about heaven? How about that golden city with the pearly gates where joy is everlasting?" That I will admit is one of man's favorite concepts. It is an age-old myth. I have every confidence that it will come to pass. My rule will not break down on this. For, after all, what is the dream and the vision of heaven but the symbolic expression of the longing for Utopia? The slums will not be always with us, nor the pain of poverty and sickness. Even the wildest words of Revelation constitute no more than a blueprint of the kingdom, the state, to which man will eventually crawl after deep cogitation and much tribulation.

Belief in the supernatural, myths, legends—these are the bootstraps by which man can and will pull himself up. To a surprising extent he has done so already. A realistic Arab in the days of Harun-al-Rashid might have said, "I will not have the mind of my little son distracted by fairy-tale rubbish about magic carpets upon which some prince might fly." That rational Arab would have overreached himself in barring this particular tale, for the first minstrel to tell it had already set his feet upon that road which finally ended in a bicycle shop in a Middle Western town. The myth-maker was the spiritual ancestor of the Wrights. We know now that the carpet can be made to fly if only it is attached to a gasoline motor.

Legends and myths are not flimsy things to be blown away by the first puff of rationality, because behind each one there lies an idea. Nobody has ever found a stronger weapon. If I had my way I would remove the inscription which stands at Concord Bridge. If my memory serves me it says, "Here once the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world." That isn't quite fair to the farmers. It wasn't the shot which was heard round the world. It was the notion. We are told that in the next conflict poison gases can be dropped capable of destroying great cities, but it is always possible to get above the range of a gas or to seek shelter below its scope in underground vaults. You cannot fly above an idea or burrow down beneath it. An idea will pierce through the walls of the thickest vault. And through the thickest skull.

And so I say that it is unscientific to toss aside the aspirations of mankind which find their most eloquent expression in the myths and legends of any people. Possibly William Tell never did shoot an apple from his son's head, but if enough people have heard the tale and been moved by it the thing takes on all the potency of a United Press news dispatch hot off the wires. In fact, with no offense to the United Press, rather more. Belief, like wine, is best when it has been mellowed into vintage standing by the processes of time.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Zionism Finds Itself*

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

London, May 12

BY some mysterious operation of the public mind British sympathy with the Jewish experiment in Palestine has increased since officialdom pronounced adverse judgment upon it. There is now, after the appearance of the report of the Palestine Commission, a decidedly more favorable tone in the press, together with a profounder understanding of the Jewish cause, than there was immediately after the tragic events of last August. At that time the entire British press was either openly antagonistic or at best very lukewarm to the Jewish side of the question in Palestine. Britain was admittedly put out by what had happened, and was inclined on the whole to blame the Jews for the difficult position in which it found itself. Not only the *Daily Mail,* but also the *Manchester Guardian* and the better-class weeklies were unsympathetic. There was a note of sincerity expressive of the mood of the entire nation in the Rothermere propaganda cry "Get out of Palestine."

There is a definite change now. The report of the Palestine Commission was received with an expression of pro-Jewish sympathy greater than anything ever heard before in this country. The reception of the report was, in fact, the exact antithesis to the report itself. In most of the more serious weekly journals it caused an outburst of enthusiasm for Zionism which was nothing short of amazing in view of the previous coldness. Not only the Liberal press, but also the impartial Conservative journals are showing an increased appreciation of the Jewish achievements in Palestine and a better understanding of the Jewish point of view.

A similar tone of friendliness is heard often now also in the House of Commons at the question period, which of late has come to be the favorite time for tilting between the pro-Jewish and the pro-Arab forces in Parliament. The latter have now organized a parliamentary committee for "justice in Palestine," and with the arrival in London of the delegation of the Palestine Arab Executive, including the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, they have considerably increased their activity both in Parliament and outside. For the Arab delegation has committed the unpardonable error of affiliating itself altogether with the most reactionary and imperialistic group in British politics. Its meetings are sponsored by the "National League," broadcast by the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Mail,* presided over by Lord Brentford (Joynson-Hicks of Arcos-raid fame), and attended by those lords and ladies who see treason in Mr. MacDonald's policy in Egypt and India, socialism in Mr. Snowden's budget, and Russian communism in the work of the Jewish pioneers in Palestine. It has thus destroyed whatever belief there may have existed in liberal quarters in England that the outbreak in Palestine had something to do with real grievances on the part of the Arab people, and that the present Arab delegation represents someone besides the effendis of the country. In consequence, the forces in the House of Commons are now so arrayed that on the Jewish side are lined up the liberal and progressive elements in British politics and on the Arab side the conservative.

A factor which has largely contributed to molding this present mood toward Palestine is that through some unknown process operating upon social consciousness the country has somehow awakened now to the realization of the practical Jewish achievements in Palestine. What ten years of Jewish effort could not do, the few months which have elapsed since the August outbreak have achieved. Britain—and perhaps the rest of the world—seems suddenly to have realized that, apart from the interminable discussions about the Jewish national home and the incessant nagging about the Balfour Declaration, Zionists have in the last decade accomplished also a remarkable piece of constructive work in Palestine. A hundred thousand men have been transplanted from the arid Ghettos into fruitful soil; a people economically sterile for centuries has become productive on the land as well as in industry; colonies have been built; new industries developed; cities established; an ancient language revived; and civilization in a derelict country has been furthered in ten years more than in generations before. And all this has been achieved without government aid or any assistance from outside; merely by the will, persistence, and enthusiasm of a voluntary social movement. The world, it seems, did not expect this, or at least did not know of it. The events of last August and the Arab propaganda which followed them have succeeded in drawing the attention of the world to the fact that however much of a failure Zionism may be politically, it has justified itself constructively, economically, and culturally. Politically Zionism has failed, but practically it has been successful. From the economic point of view, the Jewish experiment in Palestine is without doubt one of the more hopeful constructive efforts of the post-war period. This fact could not but awaken interest in England as soon as it became known through the publicity which the August tragedy provided. Anglo-Saxon respect for efficiency and success and for colonial work well done has been called into play, and this is doubtless one of the reasons for the greater degree of sympathy which British public opinion is manifesting now for Zionism.

But there is yet one other reason, far more potent and of much greater significance, for it lies within Zionism itself. Close observers of the movement and of its leadership in London know that Zionism today is different from what it was last summer at the sixteenth Zionist Congress at Zurich. Internally, the movement has undergone what amounts to a revolution. There have been a break in its ideology and a decided change in its activity. The political aspects of Zionism have been obscured, and the constructive and practical sides strengthened. The intensely chauvinistic men from Poland with their wild talk of a Jewish majority and a Jewish state have been thoroughly discredited. The

* This article was mailed before the British Secretary for the Colonies had returned his unfavorable reply to the Arab delegation, and before the British High Commissioner for Palestine made the announcement temporarily imposing further restrictions on Jewish immigration. The changes noted in the article gain added importance in the light of these developments.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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fact that even the most friendly non-Jewish liberal opinion throughout the world could not altogether absolve certain aspects of Zionism from partial responsibility for the Palestine outbreak has had a sobering effect on the majority of Zionists. For the first time in their history, perhaps, Jews found themselves at variance to some extent with the best liberal opinion of the world. At first it caused in Zionist quarters only pained surprise and deep resentment. That Jews should be even suspected of injustice to another race! But after the pain and the resentment came a searching of heart which has now resulted in a complete discrediting of those views and tactics which led up to the unfortunate Jewish demonstration on the eve of the August tragedy.

This came out very clearly at the last session of the administrative committee of the new Jewish Agency and the Zionist General Council held in London recently. These two bodies are the highest executive organs of the Zionist movement, and their sessions are almost tantamount to a Zionist Congress (they are indeed called the "Little Congress"). They control all Zionist activity in Palestine and outside it, and they are really indicative of the mood of the movement. At this "Little Congress" politics were almost completely eschewed, although the present political situation is undoubtedly the most critical which Zionism has had to face in the course of its existence. The interminable political debates which form the basis of Zionist congresses were conspicuously absent from the agenda. Instead, the deliberations were all concerned with practical problems of land purchase, land settlement, industrialization, and the relations with the Arabs. The theory of a Jewish majority in Palestine was thrown overboard by a resolution renouncing any "domination of Jews by Arabs as well as of Arabs by Jews." Although officially Zionism stands out against a parliament in Palestine, and there are no words strong enough for Zionists to condemn Dr. Magnes's peace efforts with the Arabs, nevertheless the "Little Congress" spent a good deal of its time in drafting definite plans for municipal and parliamentary representation in Palestine admittedly leading to the establishment of parliamentary government in Palestine and in preparing schemes for bringing about closer relations between Jews and Arabs. The motions introduced by the extremist group calling for the convocation of a new congress and embodying their political demands to the mandatory Power for the delivery of the full pound of political flesh promised by the Balfour Declaration were defeated by overwhelming majorities. More important still, the entire spirit of the gatherings was thoroughly hostile to the bombastic political talk which has been to the Arabs the most obnoxious part of Zionism.

And the most significant feature of this new mood in Zionism is that it was not altogether imposed upon the movement from outside, by reason of the recent events. These events helped to establish it, but they did not originate it. The struggle between the so-called "constructive" Zionism and "political" Zionism has been going on inside the Zionist ranks for over a generation. Whenever the political outlook of Zionism darkened the "constructionists" gained the ascendancy, and vice versa. Before the war Zionism was definitely settling down into a practical colonization movement, and the "politicians" were reduced to insignificance. The Balfour Declaration brought them out of their obscurity and bestowed upon them greater power than they had ever before held in Jewish social life.

The more sober Zionists did not even then, in the heyday of political Zionism, give up their plan of the practical upbuilding of the country, for they realized then, too, that a mere government paper cannot transform an Arab country into a Jewish state. This has been the view especially of Jewish labor in Palestine, which has always remained completely indifferent to the political side of the Balfour Declaration. The Jewish middle class, on the other hand, especially those hailing from Poland, based all their hopes on the political concessions of the British government. Fortunately for Zionism, it is labor that has built and is building the Jewish Palestine and that has accomplished everything that the Jews now have to show in the country. The only attempt of the Polish-Jewish middle class to participate in the upbuilding ended in disastrous failure in 1926. So the point of view of the real builders of Palestine has largely prevailed in Zionism. By another stroke of good fortune, the leader of the movement, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, very early adopted the same constructive point of view as Palestine labor, and has stubbornly stuck to his guns in spite of the most bitter and vehement opposition coming from Eastern Europe.

It was this point of view also that led to the creation of the new Jewish Agency last summer, which brought Zionism under the domination of the more practical and less politically minded American Jewry. The new body, which was the result of the combined efforts of Dr. Weizmann and the late Mr. Louis Marshall, represented the greatest victory of constructive, apolitical Zionism, as opposed to the Zionism based on the Balfour Declaration. It was an effort to save Zionism from the dangerous morass of Eastern European extremist nationalism and political futility; it was also an attempt to forestall the tragedy which anyone following the trend of events in Palestine could have seen coming. Unfortunately, it did not come in time to avert the August outbreak. The Palestine riots broke out a few days after the formation of the new agency, but the bloodshed shaped the new body and its policy just as it doomed the old.

Thus the recent tragedy in Palestine has not been in vain, at least for the Jews. It has helped them to find their balance in Palestine and to rediscover their traditional liberalism, which some of them had lost, probably for the first time in centuries. It has become clear even to the Jewish middle class of Poland that the Balfour Declaration is not an eleventh commandment, and that Jews cannot exchange their old moral law for a political one. Jews have again found their true selves in Palestine.

If Zionism were a biangular problem based on an understanding between only the Jews and the British, its knottiest question would have been solved now and its future clear. For both the Jews and the British have now a better understanding of their position and their duties in Palestine and of each other than they ever had before. But Zionism is a triangular problem. The Arabs also are involved, and not before they too have found their balance and have been purged of their extreme nationalism is the future of Zionism secure. The significance of the present moment is that an important step has now been taken in that direction.

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The Press Today

V. Standardizing the Daily*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

VARIOUS causes have contributed to that standardization of the American daily newspaper which is one of the most discouraging features of the press today. In the first place, your newspaperman is, as I have elsewhere pointed out, what the children call a "copy-cat." He watches his rivals and more distant contemporaries like a hawk. If any one of them hits upon a single new feature, be it comic strip, or picture page, or cross-word puzzle, or advice to the unhappily wed, all the rest of them follow suit. Original ideas are scarce and they are not copyrighted. Hence the rush to imitate. Especially is this true in the case of a successful daily. Immediately its success is assured everybody else similarly situated hastens to imitate type or make-up. Observe the New York dailies and see how they follow the *Times* in their first-page "stories."

Take the case of the *Herald Tribune.* It has made great gains since it took over the *Herald,* affording a rare case of one newspaper really holding the bulk of the circulation which it acquired. It has now become an excellent newspaper, for which the credit goes primarily, it is believed, to the present managing editor, Arthur S. Draper, and the willingness of Mr. and Mrs. Reid to abandon the old narrow partisanship of the news pages. But when you come to analyze the *Herald Tribune* there is not a single original feature of importance. Its "Books" is a copy of—and an improvement upon—the *Times's* book supplement; the magazine sections and rotogravure supplements of the two papers are alike, and so are those devoted to athletics. The powers that be on the *Herald Tribune* decided to go after the *Times* on its own lines and they have profited thereby because that meant getting out a daily with lots of news in it—even to the printing of long speeches and cabled documents of importance—but it did not involve the slightest originality save for the distinctive types and headlines used.

The fact is that few of the present generation of journalists set any store by beauty of type and appearance. That passed with the coming of mass production. Hearst hastened its demise with the screaming whole-page heads six inches deep of his flamboyant period of 1895-1900. That he would become quieter and more conservative was inevitable. But competitors and observers all over the country imitated him in order to increase sales. Today the headlines are everywhere approximately the same save for those fine old Southern dailies which have escaped the economic pressure and the competition which have gone so far to standardize the Northern and Western press. There are still exceptions in the North, like the Baltimore *Suns,* the Cincinnati *Enquirer,* and the Boston *Transcript,* but in the main the owners of the press have themselves decreed the drift toward standardization. Professor Henry E. Birdsong, who teaches journalism in Temple University in Philadelphia, tells me that when his beginning students stumble upon the *Enquirer* or *Transcript* they are excited by what they consider these *new* departures. For many years the Philadelphia *Record* had its special size and typography. Two years ago it was taken over by a new owner and now it is practically impossible at a distance to tell whether one is looking at a copy of the *Ledger* or the *Record.* The latter's management sees no sales value in originality of type and make-up.

I know of only one case in recent years in which a daily has deliberately chosen an original first-page make-up and attractive new typography—the New York *Morning Telegraph,* which, as a sports daily, is out of the ordinary competition. The most outstanding case of a newspaper which has kept its old and original format is the Cincinnati *Enquirer,* or *En-quirer,* as they call it out there. Its appearance has not been changed in forty or fifty years; it is the only paper left, as far as I know, which carries its one-column heads, sometimes ten lines deep. In its attention to local, suburban, and nearby communities it is almost unique, and it appears to have an amazing vitality and vigor.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the standardization of our dailies resulting from the development of our great news services. That speaks for itself. It is the most normal and defensible of all the standardizing tendencies; indeed, it is as justifiable as it was inevitable. The 1,200 members of the Associated Press naturally carry exactly the same news, but as the lesser dailies become more prosperous the drift toward differentiation by means of special cablegrams and telegrams and exclusive correspondents at once sets in. As soon, however, as these special features become costly there is the inevitable temptation to syndicate them in turn.

Today, when one travels through the country on a Sunday on a fast train and buys successively the Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Indianapolis, Toledo, and St. Louis Sunday papers it is hardly possible to tell which city is represented in a given mass of printed pages without carefully scanning the page headings. One finds the same "comics," the same Sunday magazines, the same special "features" in almost all of them and, of course, in most of them precisely the same Associated Press news. I have looked through the Sunday editions of nine big Eastern and Mid-Western papers and I found "Little Orphan Annie" in seven of them, and she doubtless graces hundreds of others. "The Gumps," I am sorry to say, are not so popular, as they appear only five times. I was shocked to find "Mutt and Jeff" in only three of them, and "the Katzenjammer Kids," once the leading American comic, in only two. A cursory examination of the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* for example, reveals twenty features that have appeared in the other eight newspapers, and probably as many more have appeared in other Sunday issues not included in this study. The special services of the New York *Times, Herald Tribune, American,* and the other New York dailies are as widely syndicated as possible. The truth is that people, in or out of journalism, facing the same problems, having great economic stakes in the existing order,

* This is the fifth in a series of articles on the American press. The sixth, on The Philadelphia Cabbage Patch, will appear in our issue of June 11.—Editor The Nation.

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are bound to react in the same way if they do not happen to be infected by the germ of liberalism or radicalism. The newspaper profession has turned out to be a business and as a result there was bound to be a standardization of the mentality of owners and editors which had its effect upon the editorial pages and the news pages, too.

So we have a steady waning of the individualism of the daily, marked first by the disappearance of the great editor whose personality shone through its pages—men such as Watterson, Medill, the Bennetts, Godkin, Dana, Greeley, Raymond, Nelson—and then by the extinction of the typographical originality. You could tell the *Tribune* of Horace Greeley, the Springfield *Republican* of the Bowleses, the old Boston *Post,* the *Evening Post* of Godkin, as far as you could see the format. They were distinctive institutions bearing the impress of owners and editors. Now they have nearly all yielded to the tremendous pressure every owner is under to increase circulation in order to get more advertising at higher rates, in order, in turn, to meet his steadily increasing costs. No wonder he turns to syndicates, to combinations, or to special services. What more natural, too, than to make up your pages just like one of the New York dailies, with your editorial pages, "opposite-editorial" pages, society and sports pages in the same relative positions? The appearance of the tabloid is, of course, a variation from the old standardized type of daily, but it is significant that the tabloids themselves imitate one another with complete fidelity.

In the sports pages above all others the opportunity for standardization is of the best. But here we have the offset that there is a tremendous thirst for the views of the distinguished commentators on sports who are paid very large salaries and are bid for by rival dailies because they carry with them, as they migrate from one daily to another, a following of "fans" whose numbers run into the thousands. Read the leading dailies in the East and see how much alike their financial pages are. As for the editorial pages, standardization is at work there with a vengeance. The same "columnist" and the same editorial cartoons may appear in a dozen or many more dailies, and the same half-column of medical advice and the same personal gossip from Washington. I have personally received as many as sixty clippings of an editorial commenting upon some words of mine from as many small dailies all over the Union—all of which had received the editorial from the same source and doubtless accepted its facts and comment, without subjecting them to any critical examination whatever. The Newspaper Enterprise Association, one of the leading syndicates of the country, sends out daily about five editorials. It is the belief of the managers that 80 to 90 per cent of the 800 to 900 newspapers they serve use one or more of these "canned" editorials a day.

As for the syndicates, they play an ever-increasing role. Thus the Newspaper Enterprise Association, which is a Scripps-Howard organization, spends $2,225,000 annually on its service. Of this, $500,000 goes for pictures only, to obtain which quickly no expense is spared. Thus, to rush to New York a few photographs of the stranded German airplane which was the first to cross the Atlantic from east to west it hired a special train as well as airplanes—the modern press photographer in his daring outranks the special correspondents of old. Sometimes it has spent $12,000 for a single picture; sometimes it hires a whole fleet of airplanes to distribute its photographs. This Association offers three kinds of service—the difference being in the quantity of matter offered. It sells, besides editorial matter, foreign correspondence of the gossipy, "feature" variety, and letters from Washington, comics, radio, aviation, and other features.

On the other hand, the North American Newspaper Alliance is most eager to let one know that its chief aim is to get away from standardization. It serves no chain of newspapers, only independent dailies, and but one in each city. It is not interested in factual, but in interpretative articles. Most of its clients belong to the Associated Press and, like that organization, the Alliance is cooperative and non-profit-making. It is especially strong in financial and business articles, is distinctly dignified, believes itself "conservatively liberal," and also supplies "women matter," news of Hollywood (daily!), and is able to purchase such costly features as articles by H. G. Wells and G. B. Shaw. It gives plenty of attention to sports, but offers no "comics."

There is, of course, another side to syndication which, in all fairness, must be set forth. Without the syndicate small-town newspapers would be much duller and much less informed than they are. They could not print any news pictures; they could not broaden their pages; they could not have much—if any—news of New York, Washington, or other centers; their foreign features would probably almost disappear, except in so far as they were brought to them by the news associations. Some of the syndicated Washington and European correspondence is of genuine educational value.

Most of the modern manufacturing inventions tend to standardize the dailies. In speaking of the new teletypesetter, which he is developing, Mr. Frank E. Gannett recently said:

> The teletypesetter automatically will make necessary greater care in the preparation of all copy. Our wire services will be compelled to edit their stuff better and will undoubtedly give newspapers a complete, carefully written story instead of bulletins, flashes, leads, subleads, kill-leads, and all the other corrections that now come to the telegraph editor in a jumbled fashion. The teletypesetter will, of course, work toward standardization. It will be necessary for newspapers that intend to go in a circuit to standardize their grammatical style, width of column, and the size of type used. It will also tend to standardize our news services. . . .

Moreover a complete newspaper page has already been transmitted by radio from San Francisco to the General Electric Company laboratory in Schenectady. When this process is perfected I cannot see why the great Eastern and Mid-Western dailies cannot reproduce their issues on the Pacific Coast or anywhere else and put them on sale at once. This development, too, will make for standardization and for the further aggrandizement in wealth and influence of our most powerful and prosperous dailies. Indeed, in the *Technological Review* for December, 1929, John J. Rowlands goes so far as to predict a master newspaper, to be issued in New York and transmitted by wire and air to a thousand newspaper offices for immediate reissuing—which will certainly hasten the day of the control of public opinion by a few men or one master-capitalist.

Whether this comes or not, there can be no doubt that standardization of the press will continue to increase as the years pass.

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Will the President Listen?

FINAL returns from *The Nation's* tariff poll indicate that the editors of every section of the country overwhelmingly reject the pending measure. As earlier reported, a majority of the New Englanders replying demand its veto, and more than three-fifths of the editors in the eight other leading industrial States. More than three-fifths of our answers from the Northern agricultural States, nearly two-thirds of those coming from the West, and more than seven-eighths of the Southern replies flatly call for a veto. More than three-fifths of the Western, two-thirds of the agricultural, and nine-tenths of the Southern editors expect ultimate economic injury; while the proportions foreseeing resultant international difficulties are even larger.

Outside New England and the industrial States, we have divided the rest of the country for report purposes roughly into three great sections: (1) the Northern agricultural States, including Wisconsin and the States west of the Mississippi from Minnesota and North Dakota to Missouri and Kansas; (2) the South, covering the whole great area from Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Arkansas south, extending west to Oklahoma and Texas; (3) the West, covering the Mountain and Pacific States. The questions and the answers in these sections follow:

1. *Will the pending bill, if enacted, raise the cost of living?*

Agricultural States: yes, 39; no, 8. South: yes, 78; no, 7. West: yes, 22; no, 4.

2. *If so, does our manufacturing situation warrant the enactment of the pending bill?*

Agricultural States: yes, 11; no, 35. South: yes, 7; no, 78. West: yes, 10; no, 15.

3. *Will the new tariff ultimately benefit or injure us economically?*

Agricultural States: benefit, 14; injure, 28. South: benefit, 8; injure, 79. West: benefit, 9; injure 16.

4. *Will it improve or injure our international relations?*

Agricultural States: improve, 9; injure, 32. South: improve, 7; injure, 80. West: improve, 5; injure, 20.

5. *Should the President sign or veto the bill?*

Agricultural States: sign, 18; veto, 29. South: sign, 10; veto, 74. West: sign, 9; veto, 16.

The result of the poll in these States is simply to emphasize the unpopularity of the measure as disclosed in the returns from New England and the industrial States. It is interesting to note that even in the Northern agricultural and Western States, where transatlantic affairs naturally command less attention than in the East, practically four-fifths of the editors answering our questionnaire believe that our international relations are likely to be made more difficult by the new enactment.

For purposes of convenient comparison we bring together in the table below the outstanding results of the poll in all sections of the country. As the returns are arranged, the reader will find in the first column between each pair of double lines the number of replies favorable to the new bill, and in the second column the number unfavorable. It may be noted that the New England editors were not asked whether the manufacturing situation warranted enactment.

Question will naturally and properly arise as to the representative character of these returns. The reader can judge for himself whether the questions asked were fair ones. The questionnaire was sent to the editors of all daily newspapers in the country having a circulation of more than 2,500. Replies were received from about 20 per cent of them, the proportion answering not varying strikingly in various sections of the country, except that the returns from the West, partly owing, no doubt, to slowness of returns from a greater distance, are proportionately much lower than from other sections. By an interesting coincidence, the number of papers replying from the various sections is very closely proportioned to their population, New England and the Northern agricultural States being slightly overrepresented in the returns, the industrial States and the South underrepresented, the West almost exactly represented. As suggested last week, the returns probably give undue weight to the smaller papers, and in our judgment editors opposed to the new bill probably answered in larger proportion to their number than those favoring it.

Taking all these considerations into account, the results of this poll seem to us to constitute a repudiation of the Smoot-Hawley bill as surprising as it is overwhelming. The President cannot afford to ignore the warning.

SUMMARY OF RETURNS IN THE TARIFF POLL

Section	*Number of returns*	*Raise cost of living?*		*Warranted by manufacturing situation?*		*Economic result*		*International result*		*Sign or veto*	
		No	*Yes*	*Yes*	*No*	*Benefit*	*Injury*	*Benefit*	*Injury*	*Sign*	*Veto*
New England	25	1	16	...	...	5	13	1	17	6	7
Industrial	117	22	84	33	68	38	69	6	75	40	66
Northern Agricultural	50	8	39	11	35	14	28	9	32	18	29
South	88	5	81	7	78	8	79	7	80	10	74
West	26	4	22	10	15	9	16	5	20	9	16
Total	306	40	242	61	196	74	205	28	224	83	192

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The Porcelain Sophia Andreyevna*

A Letter of Leo Tolstoy

[*The original of this curious document is in the Tolstoy Museum in Moscow. It is here presented in English for the first time so far as is known. The first letter, which is unfinished, is in the handwriting of Sophia Andreyevna, the wife of Tolstoy. Then follows the letter, dated two days later, in Tolstoy's handwriting. Both are addressed to the sister of Tolstoy's wife, Tatiana Andreyevna Kusminskaja. At the time the letters were written Tolstoy and Sophia Andreyevna, who was sixteen years his junior, had been married six months.*]

(In the handwriting of Sophia Andreyevna Tolstoy)

March 21, 1863

ARE you in low spirits, Tania? I have had no letters from you for ever so long and you know how I enjoy them. Neither has Leo had an answer from you to his half-made missive. For my part, I have not understood a word of it.

(In the handwriting of Leo Tolstoy)

March 23, 1863

She wrote this much and stopped because she could not go on.

And do you know why, dear Tania? A very strange and unusual adventure has occurred to Sophia Andreyevna and me. You know yourself that she was always like the rest of us, made of flesh and blood which reacted as anybody else's. She breathed, felt warm, sometimes hot, could blow her nose (and pretty loudly, too). Especially was she able to articulate all her limbs and take different positions with her hands and feet. But to make a long story short, physically she was the same as the rest of us. Suddenly on March 21, 1863, at ten o'clock in the evening, there occurred this unusual event. Tania, I know you always loved her. (What your feeling will be now for her I cannot say.)

I know your great interest in all that concerns me, your sound judgment in the serious matters we meet in life, and how tenderly you are attached to your parents. (Take care as you tell this to them.) I am writing to you all that happened that day.

I rose early in the morning, took a long walk and a ride. That day we had both breakfast and dinner together and read together (she was still able to read). I was calm and happy. At ten o'clock I said good night to my aunt. Sonia was absolutely as she always was. She said she would follow me and I retired to my room and went to bed. Presently I heard her open the door, heard her breathe as she was undressing herself. I heard her come out from behind the screen and approach the bed. I opened my eyes and saw Sonia—not the same Sonia that both of us know, but Sonia in porcelain! Made from the same porcelain stuff that your parents used to discuss! Do you know those porcelain dolls with bare, cold shoulders and neck, with hands folded in front, with black, wavy hair, the paint worn off at the top of the head, and with prominent porcelain eyes also painted in black and rather too thick at the corners? The folds of the nightgown were likewise of stiff porcelain.

Such was Sonia. I touched her hand—it was smooth, agreeable to touch, but cold like porcelain. I thought I was dreaming. I shook myself. But she was still standing motionless before me. I said: "Are you made of porcelain?" Without opening her mouth (the mouth, rather pursed, with the lips painted in red, did not move) she answered: "Yes, I am porcelain. I felt a chill in my back." [Chill is added in Sophia Andreyevna's hand.] I looked at her feet. They were of porcelain (you can imagine how terror-stricken I was) attached to a piece of porcelain board, a sort of background painted green like grass. Near her left foot at the back, a little higher than her knee, was a small porcelain column painted brown, meant to be the trunk of a tree, I suppose. All was of one piece. I understood that without that little column she wouldn't be able to stand up. And I felt dreadfully sad, as you may imagine, you who love her so much.

And still I could not believe what with my eyes I saw. I uttered her name, called her, but she could not move away from the trunk and what was meant to be ground. She shook gently from side to side together with the piece of ground, as if seeking to lie down by my side. I heard the gentle knocking of the porcelain bottom on the floor. I touched her—she was smooth all over, agreeable, cold like a piece of porcelain. I tried to lift her hand. It was impossible. I tried to push my finger between her elbow and her ribs, but it was impossible. The obstacle was a mass of porcelain like that made at Auerbach's from which gravy-boats are made. Everything was made only for external view. I examined the nightgown; it was of one piece with the body. Looking more closely I saw that a fold of the nightgown was broken off. Inside it was brown. At the top of the head the paint was as though rubbed off, and there was a white spot. On one side of the lips the paint had worn off also, and a bit of shoulder was broken. But nevertheless all was so nice and so real that it looked like our former Sonia. The nightgown was the one I knew, trimmed with lace; so was the knot of black hair at the back of her head, but it was of porcelain, and her dear slim arms, and her big eyes, and her lips, all looked real but were made of porcelain. So were the dimple in her chin and the small bones above her shoulders.

I was in a dreadful state, not knowing what to do, what to say, what to think. She looked as if she would be glad to help me, but what could a porcelain being do? Her eyes were half-closed, her lashes and eyebrows looked lifelike from a distance. She did not look at me, but at the bed, as if she wished to lie down, and she kept shaking from side to side. I was entirely lost. I grabbed her and wanted to put her in my bed. My fingers did not press into her cold porcelain body and, what struck me more, she became as light

*This document was first brought to the attention of *The Nation* by Mrs. Hattie Badanes, who tanslated it from the Russian newspaper *Russkoye Slovo*. The translation was submitted for verification to the Tolstoy Museum in Moscow, which courteously made a second translation from the original letters.—Editor The Nation.

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as a little glass. And suddenly she became quite small, not bigger than the palm of my hand, yet looking exactly the same as before. I grabbed the pillow and stood it on one of its corners, crushed in with my fist the corner sticking upwards, laid her in it, and folding her nightcap in four, covered her up entirely. There she lay motionless—I put out the candle, placing it near me.

Suddenly I heard her voice from the corner of the pillow: "Leva, why have I changed to porcelain?" I did not know what to answer. She spoke again: "Is it not bad that I've become porcelain?" Not wishing to pain her, I said it did not matter. And then in the darkness I touched her. She was still a cold porcelain doll. Her little belly was the same as if she were alive, but it became narrower toward the waist, which was not quite natural for a porcelain doll. I experienced a strange feeling. I felt pleased with her present state and ceased to wonder. It all seemed natural. I took her out of the pillow, passed her from one hand to the other, put her under my head. All this seemed to satisfy her. We both fell asleep. In the morning I woke up and went away, not even glancing at her. I still felt frightened at what had happened the previous night. When I came to lunch she was as she had always been. I did not remind her of the day before, fearing it would pain both her and my aunt. I have mentioned it to no one beside yourself. I thought it had all passed away, but every day, when we are alone, the same thing happens. She suddenly becomes little and like a porcelain doll. But when anyone is present she is her old self. She is not annoyed by it, neither am I, however strange it may seem. To speak frankly, I am glad, and in spite of her being a porcelain doll both of us are perfectly happy.

I am writing all this to you, dear Tania, in order that your parents may be carefully informed about it and through your father inquiries may be made among medical men to know what this occurrence means and whether it may do harm to the baby which is expected.

At this moment we are alone and she sits close to my shoulder and I feel her sharp little nose cutting into my neck. Yesterday she was alone in the room and when I came in I saw that Dora, our pet dog, had dragged her into the corner, playing with her, and was on the point of breaking her. I gave the dog a spanking, put Sonia in my vest pocket, and carried her to my study. However, I ordered from Toula, and have received it today, a little box made of morocco leather with a clasp. It is lined inside with red velvet, just the place to put her in with her elbows, head, and back. This will prevent her from breaking. I covered her with a piece of chamois.

While I was writing this letter a terrible misfortune occurred. She was standing on the table. Natalia Petrovna, an old woman living with us, pushed her as she passed. She fell off the table, and her leg broke above the little brown trunk it rested upon. Alexey, the clerk, says it may be fixed with white paint in powder and the white of an egg. Don't they know in Moscow of some paste? Send me some, please!

Plots and Counterplots

Projects of a Great Engineer

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, May 24

THE first thing the observing visitor is likely to remark in Washington nowadays is the atmosphere of suspicion, distrust, and dread which pervades almost every department of the national government. Among officials of all ranks one encounters the same feeling of being watched and plotted against by secret enemies. The fear which emanates from the White House has spread over the capital. Under a President who sees in nearly every prominent member of his party a secret aspirant for the Presidential nomination in 1932—and in every hint of opposition to his policies a conspiracy to wreck his Administration—it is not strange that Cabinet members, Congressmen, chairmen of commissions, bureau chiefs, and secretaries are engaged in suspecting their subordinates and each other of equally dastardly designs. All sense of security has vanished. The air is oppressive with rumors of plots and counterplots. Senators' offices are entered at night, and their most intimate correspondence read by a visitor wearing cotton gloves. Important records are reported missing from government archives. Guards are increased, and doors that have been unlocked since the Civil War are barred for unexplained reasons. It is like living in a dime novel. When the Chief shivers everyone else shakes.

PERHAPS this state of mind is responsible for the unpleasant accusation of "double-crossing" which has been directed at the White House in connection with the recently announced candidacy of Representative Franklin Fort for the Republican Senatorial nomination in New Jersey. The charge originates with friends and admirers of Dwight Morrow. The gist of it is that Mr. Hoover, fearing that Morrow's fame and popularity were growing too rapidly, either prompted or permitted Fort to file against him for the purpose of eliminating Morrow as a potential rival for the Presidential nomination two years hence. Certain facts contrive to give plausibility to the suggestion. Morrow enjoys the confidence of the business interests, and, more than any individual except Calvin himself, he personifies the "Coolidge prosperity" for which millions of business men pray night and morning and for the return of which they would gladly exchange a carload of Great Engineers. Added to this is the settled conviction existing among those who have noted the intimacy of Fort and Hoover that the New Jersey Congressman simply would not consider entering the race against Hoover's wishes. Whatever the motive, the event threatens to eliminate Morrow. If he divides the wet vote with ex-Senator Frelinghuysen, and Fort polls the full strength of the New Jersey drys, Fort is almost certain to

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win in the primary—and to be defeated in the general election by the wet Democratic nominee, Alexander Simpson. Neither Fort nor Simpson would add anything to the Senate, whereas Morrow would add vastly to its sum total of intelligence, courage, and sincerity.

* * * * *

ANY such addition to the Republican side of the chamber would be especially welcome now that "Puddler Jim" Davis seems assured of a seat from Pennsylvania. "Puddler Jim's" contribution will consist entirely of a bright smile, a hearty handshake, and one thoroughly dependable Old Guard vote. As one who remained unconvinced by "Holy Joe's" eleventh-hour crusade for progress and reform, I prefer the Big Moose: he lacks Grundy's power for evil. Assuming that the tariff bill will become a law, the lobbyist-Senator will retire with the distinction of having been the most expensive representative of the public, considering his length of tenure, that ever entered either house of Congress. The greatest losers by his departure are Uncle Andrew Mellon and the Democratic Party. It is not that Uncle Andrew values "Holy Joe" so highly—although, of course, two more congenial souls never sailed under the black flag. The tragedy, from the Mellon standpoint, consists in the threatened loss of Senator David A. Reed, personal and Senatorial representative of the Mellon family, the Mellon fortune, and the Mellon political machine. Pennsylvania political tradition and expediency allot one Senatorship to the eastern part of the State and one to the western. Davis and Reed are both from Pittsburgh, and it is almost inevitable that Philadelphia will have a candidate in the field against Reed when the 1932 primaries arrive. That candidate probably will be supported by doughty Bill Vare. The prospect is one which no patriotic multimillionaire can contemplate without tears. The Democrats will miss Grundy as a political issue in the Congressional elections this fall, but they may take comfort in the presence of Grundyism, which is almost as good, and which promises to remain with us for some time in the form of what historians may designate as the Grundy-Hoover tariff.

* * * * *

WHATEVER doubts lingered concerning the Administration's attitude toward that measure were about all dispelled by the determined methods that were employed in eliminating the debenture and Senate flexible provisions. If Hoover had wanted the bill to die with a minimum of embarrassment to himself he could easily have managed it so that the two provisions remained, thus producing a perpetual deadlock between the Senate and House. Instead, the Administration resorted to drastic measures, reminiscent of those employed in the Parker fight, to round up sufficient votes to eliminate them. The factors which influenced the decision to jam the bill through appear to have been simple enough. It was felt that such an ignominious conclusion to eighteen months of tariff labor would be "a fatal confession of failure." In the second place, the interests that will benefit from the increased rates are still determined to have them, and these interests, while few in number, remain the heaviest contributors to Republican campaign funds. Finally, it was realized that failure of the present bill undoubtedly would result in the introduction of a new one when the next Congress convened, thus prolonging the tariff wrangle to the very eve of the next Presidential election. Republican leaders are not blind to the political consequences that will ensue from the enactment of the Grundy rates, but they much prefer to face those consequences in 1930 rather than in 1932. The program, therefore, is to rush the bill through, face the music this fall, and give the dear, absent-minded public two years in which to get accustomed to the higher cost of living.

* * * * *

OWEN J. ROBERTS was confirmed as Justice of the Supreme Court without a dissenting voice in the Senate, despite the efforts of certain Administration spokesmen to invite opposition. Day after day, through publicity avenues usually recognized as reflecting White House views, it was dinned into the Senate's ears that Roberts was a corporation lawyer, that his economic and social views were ultra-conservative, that he belonged to the Mellon school of thought, that he was infinitely more reactionary than either Hughes or Parker, and that failure of the Senate liberals to oppose his confirmation would constitute an abandonment of their principles. Every conceivable misstatement was made to goad them into a fight. This curious campaign against the President's own nominee was actuated by two motives, equally small and transparent. The first was to counteract the widespread (and correct) impression that the Senate finally had compelled the President to name a decidedly liberal man for the court. The second was to torment the Senate Progressives into starting a fight in which they were certain to be beaten and partially discredited. The charming ruse failed because most of the Senate Progressives were personally acquainted with Roberts and his views. Nevertheless, it furnishes an excellent illustration of the plane on which high affairs are being conducted here.

* * * * *

THE Senate Lobby Committee, after performing an astounding lot of good, has succeeded in appearing at its worst in its inquiry into organized activities for and against prohibition. Blaine of Wisconsin is the only wet on the committee, and he is not the most adroit cross-examiner in the world. Borah, Walsh, Robinson, and Chairman Caraway are all bone dry, although, it should be added, Borah hasn't attended a meeting in months. It was bad enough when Walsh and Robinson, after subjecting Henry Curran, of the Association Opposed to the Prohibition Amendment, to the most prolonged and savage grilling, proceeded then to exhibit their tender solicitude for Scott McBride of the Anti-Saloon League, notwithstanding his admission that he lobbied with members of the House when the impeachment of a federal judge was under consideration there. What is worse is the committee's refusal, thus far, to produce evidence which is available to them tending to disclose Bishop Cannon's disposition of the $48,000 which he received from E. C. Jameson for the Hoover campaign, and for which he never has accounted. The Senator principally responsible for this refusal, I regret to say, is the generally admirable Walsh of Montana. His excuse—that the proffered evidence would be irrelevant—is unimpressive, particularly in view of the committee's inquiry into Claudius Huston's financial adventures, in which inquiry Walsh took the leading part. Many a good Christian is hoping he will change his mind. For those who believe in punishment here as well as hereafter, the wily Bishop has been "getting away with it" much too long.

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In the Driftway

AT best politeness is not a major virtue; at worst it may easily be a minor vice. A good deal of the time it is a kind of fawning ingratiation or strategic policy, and sometimes it becomes downright hypocrisy or cowardice. In general any kind of politeness which is not innate or of the heart would better not be at all. That is why the Drifter counts among the lesser annoyances of modern life the parrot politeness which is imposed upon employees by an increasing number of corporate employers. Somebody has said that there is more talk about "service" and less of the thing itself in our day than ever before. And somewhat the same thing is true of politeness. In response to your blunt complaints your telephone company aggravates you doubly by a series of Chesterfieldian notes, none of which reaches the point at issue; while your street railway accents its miserable service by a lot of blah about its devotion to your welfare. We have gone a step beyond the doctrine that "the customer is always right." Modern business insists that its employees shall efface their personality in dealing with the public and substitute a parrot politeness prescribed from headquarters.

* * * * *

THE elevator operator in the department store no longer says "Going up," "Going down," and "Fourth floor—carpets, furniture, upholstery, children's toys, groceries, and sporting goods." He says "Up, please" and "Out, please" and "Fourth floor, please." There is not the slightest reason for lugging in the word "please" in any of those connections, and for one the Drifter finds himself not pleased but mildly annoyed. He would prefer one of the saucy asides with which elevator operators once regaled their passengers. When a stout lady fifty feet down the aisle hails the elevator and then ambles leisurely toward it, stopping to glance at several counters of notions on the way, the modern department-store automaton merely repeats placidly: "Down, please; down, please." Once he would have relieved himself and his restless passengers by observing *sotto voce:* "I wonder if old Mother Widdle-Waddle thinks we're open until midnight. If she don't step along I'll leave her behind in linen goods, draperies, women's cloaks, and misses' underwear."

* * * * *

THE hotels, too, are exponents of the jargon of automaton politeness. The Drifter has had the experience of stopping in a good many hotels in various parts of the country lately and he has had occasion often to ask over the house telephone that he be called at a certain hour in the morning. With monotonous uniformity the response to his request has been, "Thank you." In some cases it has been "Thank you; good night." The Drifter has enjoyed that "Good night." Even if entirely perfunctory, and the result of immutable orders from the management, the wish has seemed to be kindly and relevant to the situation. But why in the name of Beelzebub should a hotel telephone operator thank a patron for a request to be called in the morning? As well thank him if he called down profanely to complain that the sheets on his bed hadn't been changed. Once the Drifter felt so strongly about it that after that pointless "Thank you" he took the receiver off the hook again and inquired: "Why do you thank me for asking to be called at six o'clock in the morning? Do you get a commission on everybody you get out of bed at that time?" But of course the girl at the switchboard didn't get the Drifter's point—if there was one. She thought the Drifter had been drinking, and merely replied soothingly that he needn't worry; he would be called at six o'clock without fail. But fortunately this parrot phrase of "Thank you" is not quite invariable. It is a pleasure to recall that at the Cotton Hotel in Houston a request to be roused at a specified time brought back the response from the girl at the telephone, in the delightful accent of the South: "I sure *wi-i-ll.*" And at the Arizona Hotel in Yuma the Drifter's request for an early-morning call brought back from the night clerk a laconic "You bet." There was something assuring in that. The Drifter dropped off into dreamland confident that he would not be allowed to oversleep.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Freedom of the Press in Korea

[*In February of this year the editor of* The Nation *sent to Mr. D. S. Chang, editor of the* Dong Ah Ilbo, *a daily newspaper in Seoul, Korea, a letter of greeting and congratulation on the occasion of the newspaper's tenth anniversary. Recently a letter was received from Mr. C. Hugh, president of the Korean* Nationalist Weekly, *published in New York, disclosing the subsequent fate of the* Dong Ah Ilbo. *We print below the letter of congratulation and the letter received from Mr. Hugh.*]

DEAR MR. CHANG:

I am happy to send a word of greeting to the *Dong Ah Ilbo* on its tenth anniversary on the coming April 1. May I also extend to your paper on this tenth anniversary the heartiest greetings of *The Nation,* which since 1865 has been devoting itself to the liberties of minorities, the right of all peoples to their own way of life, and to opposition to imperialism from whatever source?

In view of this I need hardly assure you of our interest in the causes championed by the distinguished newspaper which you represent. We have never faltered in our belief that the Koreans were entitled to their own independent existence, precisely as we have violently opposed the imperialistic moves of our own country in Nicaragua, Haiti, and elsewhere. Fortunately for our peace of mind, we are entirely of the opinion that the era of imperialism by the so-called superior races is approaching its end. If India now throws off the shackles of English rule, enslaved people everywhere will be heartened to strike off their own shackles. We are even hopeful that the present American Congress will this year grant unconditional freedom to the Filipinos, something that we of *The Nation* have been asking for ever since our fleet sailed into Manila harbor on May 1, 1898.

We are well aware that a great responsibility rests upon a paper such as yours under the conditions which at present surround it. The very fact that it is placed in a hard position means that it must be as upright as Caesar's wife; that it must be beyond criticism in every way, unselfish, broad-minded, clean, and determined to sacrifice everything for the causes which it champions. If it holds to a policy like this it cannot fail to win lasting fame, and to serve both its people and its causes with a maximum of efficiency. May I offer you a motto? In 1832 my grandfather, William Lloyd Garrison, founded a

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newspaper, the *Liberator,* to which historians have attributed a large share of the credit for bringing about the freedom of the enslaved Africans in this country. In the very first issue of this paper he used these words which I commend to you: "I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—*and I will be heard.*" In addition he declared: "Our country is the world—our countrymen are mankind." His struggle was harder than yours, for he was poor, little trained, and had hardly a supporter, yet he lived to see the success of his apparently hopeless undertaking within exactly thirty-two years.

I send you every good wish for yourself and your distinguished journal. May you march triumphantly forward in your next decade, championing at all times, as you have, the great cause of democracy, peace among nations, and the establishment of the true social democracy within all nations.

New York, February 1 OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

DEAR MR. VILLARD:

We want to inform you that *Dong Ah Ilbo* of Seoul, Korea, was suspended indefinitely on April 16, 1930, by the Japanese authorities. The cause of the suspension was the congratulatory message that you were so thoughtful as to send to the paper on its tenth anniversary. The Japanese authorities contend that the message was inciting and for that reason suspension was ordered not only for the issue in which the message had appeared but for an indefinite period.

It is exceedingly unfortunate that the Korean people were denied the privilege of reading your message. We have no doubt that your message would have given them the moral support which cannot be expected from other quarters during these times of unspeakable atrocities and inexcusable oppression by the Japanese authorities.

New York, May 13 C. HUGH

Mr. Carlisle on Government Ownership

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To show that at least one of our colleges has the courage not to be hypocritical about dispensing public-utility propaganda, let me mention an address my loud speaker assures me was given this morning in the chapel of St. Lawrence University at Canton, New York, and broadcast by the university's radio station. Although the speaker, Mr. Floyd L. Carlisle, was introduced simply as an outstanding friend of the "north country," second to none in its development, and founder of a chair of forestry at the college, Mr. Carlisle himself made no secret of being in the electric-power business with a firm whose name, if given, I didn't catch.

Against the proposed government development of St. Lawrence and other water power, Mr. Carlisle lengthily cited the State's losses in building the Barge Canal, which he says it is now finding difficult even to give away. Pointing out that universities exist for the fearless dissemination of truth, he proceeded with a statistic or two exposing the unfortunately not-well-known inefficiency of the Ontario power system. If the State of New York, he said, would relieve his company of taxes it would sell power to households at one-half the Ontario price, although he mentioned that only 4½ per cent of his company's electricity went to households. He also talked about the pity of trees going to ruin in the State's Adirondack Park without benefit of business.

After the lecture a questioner asked what bearing the Barge Canal had on developing water power. Mr. Carlisle answered that since the State had thus failed in a proposition no sane business man would ever have undertaken, taxpayers ought to stop, look, and listen, and that the principle that the government should not engage in business is fundamental in Anglo-Saxon organization.

If the latitude of this come-back seems to be about forty-three degrees north of the sequitur, don't blame it on a mere

"Northern New York," April 24 REPORTER

Lord Ponsonby on Balfour

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I comment on the estimate of Arthur James Balfour, written by Lord Ponsonby for your issue of April 2. Speaking of his work in the field of philosophy, Ponsonby writes that in this "he was no more than an attractive amateur."

It is interesting to contrast this estimate with another, written by a man who, I am confident, Lord Ponsonby himself would agree was a far better judge in this field of intellectual activity. When Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" appeared William James, in a letter to his brother Henry (dated April 26, 1895), wrote:

> I have been reading Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" with immense gusto. . . . If I mistake not it will have a profound effect eventually, and it is a pleasure to see old England coming to the fore every time with some big stroke. There is more real philosophy in such a book than in fifty German ones of which the eminence consists in heaping up subtleties and technicalities about the subject. . . . B. is a great man.

This letter is quoted in "Religion in the Philosophy of William James," by Professor J. S. Bixler, page 86.

I call this fact to your readers' attention, because they will then understand that Ponsonby's conclusions in other fields must likewise not be taken too seriously. When he mentions "the Balfour policy for the settlement of Jews in Palestine" as one of those policies which in his judgment "are not achievements of sufficient magnitude long to be remembered," I am afraid that he displays the same keen sense of prophecy that he displayed in philosophic judgment.

Brooklyn, May 1 ISRAEL HERBERT LEVINTHAL

Mooney and California

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The comments which occur in *The Nation* from time to time on the Mooney case make me wonder if there is not more interest in that case outside of California than within. If a poll were to be taken here I believe a large majority of opinions would fall into one of two classes: either (1) Mooney must be guilty, because he was convicted in a court of justice, and anybody who questions the result now is an undesirable citizen, if not actually in the pay of the Soviets; or (2) even if Mooney did not commit the crime for which he was convicted he was an undesirable agitator, and it is just as well to have him out of the way.

I do not believe that even labor would make any sacrifice or take any risk for Mooney. Meanwhile, it is reported that Governor Young is to be a candidate for reelection, which sounds bad for Mooney, for the Governor is certainly aware that the political career of anybody who pardons Mooney is closed.

San Francisco, April 10 IRVING F. MORROW

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Books and Drama

Portent

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Weeds by the barn grow greener every day.
Something is here. Silver field-mice run
Panting among the stalks at covering noon
Or crouch with quick sides by the purple stems
When the broad sun is lifted from the day.
At dusk there is no wind to move a leaf.
Oh, anything may happen in the world . . .
The field-mice know, who see the seedling moon,
A youngling, silver-waxen shoot
Grow in her garden towards astounding bloom.

This Petty Pace

Brief Candles. Stories by Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

AFTER half a dozen volumes Aldous Huxley has returned to the short story, but he does not bring his old irresponsibility with him. He has acquired a Message, and he insists that we shall hear it. It is the same message that raised its head in nearly every one of the essays in "Do What You Will," to wit, that if one tries to be superhuman one ends by being subhuman, that the best way of turning a child into a devil is to try to bring it up as an angel. Against the ideal of superhumanness he pleads for the ideal of perfected humanity. Mr. Huxley's, in other words, is just another brand of humanism. But it is at the farthest pole from Babbittean humanism, for instead of moderation Mr. Huxley believes in excess, provided that one excess is counterbalanced by another, and instead of believing in the will to refrain and the middle level he holds (I am here assuming that one of his characters speaks for him) that a human being should "completely and intensely live . . . on every plane of existence."

There is no need here to examine this philosophy in detail. It is enough to say that Mr. Huxley, in talking of subhuman, human, and superhuman levels, is making as dubious a division as the Babbittean humanists when they talk of man living on three "planes," the natural, human, and religious. For every "plane" on which a human being lives is necessarily a human plane, just as every action he takes is at bottom a natural action. It would not occur to our literary philosophers to divide the actions of a dog into subdoggy, doggy, and superdoggy; it is only when we come to our own race that we consider it necessary to have something fancy in the way of metaphysics. The use of the words "human" and "natural" in so many different senses, each sense carrying within itself its peculiar shade of approval or disapproval, is bound to produce murky thinking and silly conclusions. It is much wiser to ask simply whether a given action or ideal is desirable or undesirable, regardless of what "plane" one may think it on.

That three of the present four stories are written at least in part to support a thesis does not in itself make them any the less amusing. Most satire gains its effect through the very fact that it *is* written to support a thesis, or to ridicule someone else's thesis, e.g., "Candide." When Mr. Huxley mars his work he does so not by having a thesis, but by illustrating his thesis too often through explicit statement rather than indirectly through the story itself. In the present volume he has been content sometimes to allow the story to remain secondary. In The Claxtons, for example, he does little more than deride a certain type of "spirituality" and the products for which it is responsible. How beautifully the Claxtons live, how spiritually! Even the cat is a vegetarian. There is Herbert, "long-legged and knickerbockered, his fair beard like a windy explosion round his face," who carries a Rücksack even in London as though he were just about to ascend Mont Blanc. When the street boys yell or the flappers whoop with laughter, Herbert ignores them, or else smiles through his beard "forgivingly and with a rather studied humorousness." His wife, Martha, is also spiritual; and she too can smile a beautifully Christian—yet superior—smile. The Claxtons is less a story than a portrait or a travesty of a type, but it is magnificently done, a merciless exposure of the self-consciously uplifted.

In The Rest Cure, which comes nearest to the orthodox story, a young English woman rents a villa near Florence and enjoys a mild flirtation with a local Italian; her husband, visiting her for a few days, warns her so brutally against the man that in defiance she gives herself to him; he extorts money from her and quickly tires of her, and the story ends ironically when she shoots herself for the wrong reason. The last and most important story, occupying half of the book, After the Fireworks, describes what begins as a charming but ends as a sordid affair between a novelist of fifty and a girl admirer of twenty-one. By once more making his hero a novelist Mr. Huxley finds free scope for that brilliant talk, those little essays and excursions into philosophy, the wit and brilliant description, as well as the cynicism, that have always distinguished his work; and he writes, too, a story of great psychological penetration. The diary of the girl, however, leans too heavily in its syntax on "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," while the comments are a little too intelligent to make that style altogether credible.

HENRY HAZLITT

How to Become President

Rutherford B. Hayes. By H. J. Eckenrode. Assisted by Pocahontas Wilson Wight. Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.

THIS new life of Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States from 1877 to 1881, is the first of a projected series on American Political Leaders. It is a book which all statesmen will want to read. (I suspect that those who are fortunate enough to live their adult lives in Ohio, New York, or New Jersey and who therefore can aspire to be President will also look eagerly forward to the promised biographies of Garfield, Harrison, McKinley, Cleveland, and Taft.) For Hayes's life gives a satisfactory answer to that ever tantalizing query: how can a mediocre man, endowed with no natural talents, small intellect, unable or dreading to possess convictions—how can such a person become President of the United States? Reading Mr. Eckenrode's new book one sees how easy it is.

The future President will study law and will practice it. (Not too successfully, however, for the stigma of "corporation lawyer" will be too deep ever to eradicate.) He will, at an early age, become a party worker and hold a succession of small local offices. (*Vide* Hayes, Cleveland, Roosevelt, Taft, and Coolidge.) He will serve in a war and return with honorable wounds, if possible. (Hayes and Harrison were mustered out as brigadier generals; McKinley was a major; Roosevelt and Bryan were colonels.) He will espouse a cause that has a well-organized following. (With Hayes it was temperance; with Harrison, justice to the Civil War veterans; with Cleveland, reform.) By holding one's mouth or saying only the most obvious things, by being a bitter partisan in elec-

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tion contests, by voting the party program whether it be the tariff or the resumption of specie payments, or a big navy, or imperialism, by swallowing one's words if one has to (as Garfield did about the tariff or McKinley about silver), by entertaining no economic heresies, by leading an impeccable private existence, and by the possession of a proper wife, preferably one identified with a philanthropy—thus covered in and out with a hard, shiny varnish, one may attain that final goal. It is simply a matter of time and the breaks.

It should be noted that Mr. Eckenrode knows all this and says a good part of it; it is refreshing to record, too, that this initial volume does not inaugurate a new American Statesmen series of pompous stuffed shirts. Mr. Eckenrode is not impressed by his hero's intellectual capacities, his early political record, his willingness to play shabby politics. Mr. Eckenrode tells the tales that have to be told: of how Hayes became a temperance worker because political capital could be made out of the association; of how he voted, without a murmur, the shameful Reconstruction program of Stevens when he sat in the Congress of 1865-67; of how he waved the bloody shirt in the Presidential elections of 1868 and 1872; of how he catered to war veterans, protectionists, and the "sound-money" men in the face of appallingly hard times, when the farmers and the workingmen of the nation were bitterly oppressed. Yet I have used the word "hero" advisedly; for Hayes is a hero to his biographer. A single passage from this book will suffice to throw into relief Mr. Eckenrode's political philosophy:

> The life of Hayes should teach us optimism and hope for the future of the Republic . . . A plain, shrewd, capable, honest business man did much better [than Grant]—did so well that the country was put in the right path again. That should teach us not to be disheartened by the failures of brilliancy but to put our destiny in coming crises in the hands of other plain men—American business men who blend practical ability with idealism, just as Hayes did. Hayes was, in a way, an average man, but what an average it was! The future of the nation is safe if it continues to breed men like Rutherford B. Hayes.

Thus we extol our politicians for their mediocrity, their caution, their timidity. Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley: these are our great men. Under their rules the country's natural resources were exploited, a privileged class was built up behind mighty tariff walls, the farming class of the nation was ruined, industrialists were permitted to flood the factory towns of the land with contract labor to depress farther the already mean standards of living of the American laboring population. Never once in the whole long, bleak period in our political annals from the end of the Civil War to the turn of the century do we find enunciated one political principle of the smallest importance: not a single policy defined with regard to immigration, agriculture, conservation, the rights of the workingman, imperialism.

Timidity in our statescraft is greatness but daring in our industrial life—ah, that is greatness, too. It is astounding to contemplate this contradiction in our American life in the post-Civil War era: Hayes, Garfield, Cleveland, and McKinley moved in the same world, knew of, spoke to, were familiar with Carnegie, Frick, Armour, Rockefeller, Hill, Harriman, and Morgan. The antecedents, education, external habits of both groups were largely the same. The politicians were what they were; the industrialists were imaginative, enterprising, bold individuals who built railroads into wildernesses (as Hill did), who linked coal mines, coke ovens, iron deposits, blast furnaces, and rolling mills together to form a mighty industry (as Carnegie did), who dreamed the dreams and had the visions of empire and of greatness. Some day a future Henry Adams will tell us how two persons like Hayes and Rockefeller could both come out of Ohio in the years that followed 1865.

Mr. Eckenrode calls Hayes the "statesman of reunion." He it was who healed the wounds of war, bound North and South together, ushered in our America of today. Might one dissent? I submit that Morgan and Harriman, to take but two examples, accomplished a thousand times as much. Morgan, in the nineties, created the Southern Railway Company; Harriman, at the end of the century, joined the Central of Georgia Railway with the Illinois Central system. The South was now united by bands of steel with North, East, and West. When magazines and books published in New York and Philadelphia reached Southern tables as quickly as they did those of the Middle West, when the clothes and house furnishings of New York, Chicago, and Cleveland adorned the persons and the homes of the inhabitants of Atlanta, Shreveport, and Mobile, only then did the South become an integral part of American life. Hayes's removal of federal troops from Charleston and New Orleans in 1877 did not do it. In fact, as Mr. Eckenrode himself points out, white supremacy had been achieved in all the Southern States except Louisiana and South Carolina before Hayes's coming to office. But the penetration of Northern capital into the South and the standardization of taste and the ordinary round of daily living—these, and not political gestures, healed the wounds of war.

I would respectfully suggest to Mr. Allan Nevins, the editor of this new series, that the stories of half a dozen of the railroad, oil, steel, and financial giants of the period he is covering would help this generation to a full understanding of modern America better than any number of carefully written, completely documented biographies of unimportant and forgotten "statesmen."

LOUIS M. HACKER

A Minor Bard

Thomas Holley Chivers: Friend of Poe. By S. Foster Damon. Harper and Brothers. $5.

THE lives of unimportant persons are not infrequently investigated with an insane assiduity by the pure scholar, but it is not often that a litterateur as obscure as Chivers is rewarded with a biography like the present, in which scholarly knowledge is combined with first-rate critical writing. Most of those who remember Chivers at all remember only that he was a friend of Poe, and, perhaps, that Swinburne greeted Bayard Taylor with the ambiguous exclamation, "Oh, Chivers, Chivers! If you know Chivers give me your hand"; but Mr. Damon has made of him both a notable addition to the company of eccentrics and a symbol of an episode in the development of American culture.

Chivers was born near the town of Washington, Georgia, in the *annus mirabilis* 1809. He took a degree in medicine at a backwoods college, and he spent the rest of his life in wandering about the United States while composing poetry most obviously remarkable for the original character of its badness. He was copious, undisciplined, bold, and ardent. He could reach sublime depths of absurdity, as he did in an elegy addressed to his daughter, in which he wrote:

> As an egg, when broken, never
> Can be mended, but must ever
> Be the same crushed egg forever—
> So shall this dark heart of mine!

But occasionally he achieved something which was almost good, and he had a passion for pure sound in which Mr. Damon finds an anticipation of the cult of "pure poetry." Perhaps he influenced Poe (who was accused of plagiarizing from him), and he almost certainly helped Swinburne discover the Swinburnian rhythm, but the most interesting thing about him is the extent to which his culture typified that of the nascent in-

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telligentsia of America. He had begun as a Baptist, and he retained to the end a fondness for angels, harps, and the other conventional images of naive Christianity, but he subsequently reinterpreted them in accordance with both spiritualistic and transcendental ideas, and he was so thoroughly a child of his time that he sympathized with all the extravagances which were the product of America's endeavor to find herself.

Indeed, the most interesting portions of Mr. Damon's book are those chapters in which he analyzes Chivers in connection with the tendencies and tastes of his generation and defines the school to which he as well as Poe belonged, discovering in Chivers's verse pure examples both of the rococo which flourished in the days when languid maidens drooped to the music of song birds and of the products of that passion for psychology which extended from Jonathan Edwards through Charles Brockden Brown to Poe, Hawthorne, and Henry James. The individual genius of the great writers obscures somewhat the significance which they have as illustrations of the Zeitgeist, but Chivers had just talent enough to be typical. Mr. Damon uses him chiefly as a specimen, and he succeeds by that means in illuminating the minds and fancies of a whole generation. No one interested in the history of the American temperament should miss his book.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Amy Lowell as Critic Again

Poetry and Poets. By Amy Lowell. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.25.

WHATEVER one may think of Amy Lowell as a poet, one has to grant her a keen critical mind. She was a propagandist, of course, and she had her favorites among the poets, but no desire to defend schools or persons blinded her to the exact qualities a poet might have. Her criticism is not synthetic nor has it any general theory of aesthetics behind it; it is simply a poet's intuitional grasp of what other poets are attempting, and such penetration is always worth studying. This book of posthumous essays, for the most part long reviews of books published during the months preceding her death, is very interesting. It is a clear indication that Miss Lowell's mind was alert to some of the new developments in poetry just when the tide was sweeping away from her own generation's values and on toward new values.

Amy Lowell believed in her own type of free verse, but she saw the faults of much of the free verse being written; she saw that the time had come when the younger poets must take very seriously the technique of their art—when they could no longer sing in any form whatsoever of anything and everything. She did not realize probably that such emphasis upon technique would lead to a tightening of form and an emphasis upon pattern which would destroy the free-verse school. She approved of and participated in the imagist school, but she saw how easily it could lead away from human emotion and toward the mere trick of word painting. She did not realize that the younger poets, having learned what they could from the imagists, were developing conceptual imaginations which would never be satisfied with the imagist technique.

She was a good fighter, and she upheld D. H. Lawrence against criticism both of his art and of his morality. She pointed out that the Georgian poets were a very sleepy lot and very wearisome to read. She saw Sandburg's danger in his desire to write propaganda, and she noted Robinson's love of the melodramatic, the last trait most critics of that remote poet would have thought to mention, and yet one of his most characteristic. In other words, Amy Lowell was of her generation completely, and yet anyone reading these essays cannot but believe that had she lived she would have begun analyzing and fighting for new causes, would have kept step with the times fairly well, and would have attempted to understand the younger poets and their very different ideals. What she would have made of the trend toward classicism, restraint, simplicity of subject, religious conviction of vision, it is hard to say; but most assuredly she would have had her opinions.

EDA LOU WALTON

Biology and the Humanities

Human History. By G. Elliot Smith. W. W. Norton and Company. $5.

THIS book, the author tells us, "has been written in a scientific laboratory where the principal device for the Study of Mankind is the process of dissection." The vantage-ground is significant not because Dr. Smith is a distinguished anatomist, but because of his belief that the only true history of mankind is that which combines biology with the humanities, the physical development of the race with its intellectual and social activities. His book, accordingly, is a study, popular in style but learned in substance, of the physical beginnings of the race and of the early civilizations which were attained in Egypt and Greece. We are shown the "natural man," untouched as yet by culture, chiefly preoccupied with the effort to understand himself as a living being and to penetrate the mysteries of life and death. Prominent in the picture is the mummy, prepared by a dissector who, with "a much more ambitious aim than the mere preservation of a corpse," had "persuaded himself that in making a mummy he was actually prolonging the existence of the body so that it might be reanimated as a living being." Around the mummy Dr. Smith sees created architecture, sculpture, music, dancing, and other "essential arts and crafts," together with "the deepest aspirations of the human spirit." It was only after hundreds of thousands of years that man "began to devise civilization" and thereby "became entangled in the meshes of the theory of the state," from which entanglement he was rescued by the Greeks, who "cut the Gordian knot" and restored to human reason "the freedom it had lost." Since then "human history has been a conflict between the rationalism of Hellas and the superstition of Egypt." As an attempt to unify biological and cultural history the book is certainly notable.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

King of the Armament Racket

The Mystery Man of Europe: Sir Basil Zaharoff. By Richard Lewinsohn. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

FOR half a century Sir Basil Zaharoff, to the uninformed public a figure of mysterious splendor, has been known among the war-mongers of Europe as chief bagman of Mars. He has been a master-vendor of armament applying all the tricks of salesmanship on a grand scale, by contact and intrigue and deft expenditure making ministers and governments armament-minded and war-minded. When his market has been slack his agents have stimulated trade by subtly promoting international hatreds and fears. The rewards for these eminent social services have been ample. Sir Basil, now an aged gentleman in a wheel-chair, is said to be one of the richest men in the world. He has received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor and the Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire, and he has many similar trinkets from lesser governments which were also lavish with gratitude and cannon fodder.

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Sir Basil was born in Anatolia of Greek parents and grew up in Constantinople and Athens. His early adult career, at least in the narrative of Dr. Lewinsohn, was obscure and apparently dubious. At the age of twenty-eight, in 1877, he was appointed agent for the Balkans for the Anglo-Swedish armament firm of Nordenfeldt. Business prospects were excellent. The Russian Czar was engaged in "liberating" his Slavic brethren in the south from the Turk, and the Balkan peninsula was aflame. From the first young Zaharoff showed a peculiar aptitude for making the most of his opportunity. Though peace was declared in 1878, by 1880 the army of Greece had increased from 40,000 to 100,000 men. Zaharoff got a full share of the business of outfitting this host and won the commendation of his employers.

In the eighties the advent of the quick-firing gun gave a great fillip to the armament industry. Zaharoff was quick to see the possibilities of the new weapon. He brought Nordenfeldt in touch with Hiram Maxim and the two combined forces. When they split a few years later Zaharoff went with Maxim. The Maxim firm was purchased in 1897 by the great British concern of Vickers' Sons and Company, and Zaharoff entered on a much broader field of operations. Members of the British government and of the aristocracy were among the prominent shareholders and directors, and the highly placed gentlemen who enjoyed generous dividends neglected no opportunity for patriotic propaganda in favor of ample preparedness. In England the armament racketeers and their confederates lied about German preparedness and in Germany they lied about British plans. Among the little nations bribery was the handmaiden of mendacity. After some years of this intensive salesmanship, interspersed with several fat little wars, the arms-laden governments sprang at each other's throats. The year 1914 arrived and with it the "great time." Zaharoff was made a Commander of the Legion of Honor by the French government on the day that Jean Jaurès was assassinated in Paris. "As the representative of Vickers, Zaharoff was the confidant of Lloyd George, the Minister of Munitions, and these personal relations continued when the latter became Prime Minister. In Paris also Zaharoff obtained access to government circles. He came in contact with the Prime Minister, Viviani, with Briand, and Painlevé."

The international armament-makers won the war from the first gun. The gigantic dog fight was their free-for-all. However, the aftermath of the ill-starred Greek invasion of Asia Minor seems to have been more or less a private venture instigated by Sir Basil and his old comrade Lloyd George. Sir Basil had started his career by getting Greece into a postscript war after the peace of 1878 and apparently this same technique was followed forty years later. Dr. Lewinsohn intimates that the Greek invasion was only an opening move of an ambitious business plan, that perhaps Sir Basil "was carrying the torch of war to the whole Mohammedan world." Even leaving that out of consideration, in his private war for Anatolia Zaharoff played for huge stakes. Had he won he would have controlled great shipyards on the Bosporus and held a rich claim in the Eastern oil fields. The failure of this enterprise is said to have cost him half his fortune.

Dr. Lewinsohn's biography is hardly a complete picture. Mysteries remain about the mystery man and about the curious relations of his business with the rulers of nations. By the thoughtful reader, however, much illumination can be gained from this narrative. One cannot fail to wonder how a society pretending to civilization can permit powerful private organizations to maintain a vested interest in war. It seems a too dangerous kind of special privilege to pass without curtailment. Before the war, Dr. Lewinsohn tells us, Armstrong, the greatest British armament firm, had among its most prominent shareholders sixty members of the aristocracy, eight members of Parliament, and five bishops. Possibly that helps to explain the persistent silence of the press, the pulpit, and the forum about the business that draws dividends from mass murder. Perhaps it helps to explain why the League of Nations, which is so voluble on minor pieties, does nothing to face the international shame of the armament racket.

HAROLD KELLOCK

Books in Brief

Rogue Herries. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Mr. Walpole's latest is a long novel oddly compounded of historical characters and events, various branches of an imaginary eighteenth-century English family, and, in greater detail, one offshoot of that family—a rogue. That is to say, he is called a rogue; but he is a sad disappointment. The volume has such a full-bodied look about it that one might well hope for a fine, hearty English novel in the tradition of Fielding and Thackeray with, for a rogue, one of those gentleman rascals that have come down to us from the earliest days of the picaresque novel. But one would be sorely let down. Rogue Herries in spite of his eighteenth-century clothes is a child of the romantic revolution. He is a brooding, Byronic, even Werther-like soul, who in middle life finds salvation through love of a gipsy, red-haired waif, and through his arduous but unsuccessful efforts at tilling the soil with his own hands. Although—to speak in symbols—he wears a scarlet "R" beneath his waistcoat, his title of "rogue" comes to be used more in affection than in derision. Of course, since the setting is eighteenth century, there are stinks and brawls and broken heads. And Mr. Walpole frequently finds it necessary to interpolate apologies because some of his characters, being after all but creatures of their age, are somewhat free in their language. In spite of all the trappings, however, the dominant note is strangely reminiscent of the Victorian decadence. The fact is that the whole book with its awkwardly displayed parallel narrations, its sentimental heavy-handedness, its bogus eighteenth-century atmosphere is nothing short of preposterous.

Emily Dickinson, Friend and Neighbor. By MacGregor Jenkins. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

MacGregor Jenkins was one of the children who played about Emily Dickinson's home, ate the gingerbread she romantically let down in a basket from an upper window, and received from her mysterious notes and gifts of flowers. His father was an intimate friend of Emily's brother Austin, and both his parents were numbered among the poet's closer acquaintances. Mr. Jenkins, writing of the "Miss Emily" he remembers, seeks to counteract the impression that she was an eccentric and melancholy recluse. To preserve her personal life she did, he admits, limit the circle of her friends, but he maintains that within that circle she preserved normal relationships and gave herself richly to those she loved. All this is evident enough from Mrs. Bianchi's "Life and Letters," but it is true that a contrary impression has gained currency, and Mr. Jenkins doubtless does well to make the point clear. His discussions of Miss Dickinson as poet are modest and rather commonplace; it requires no special discernment, for example, to remark that she was "an artist in words." His most important contribution to the study of her work lies in his emphasis on the individuality of her most casual acts and her most spontaneous sayings. The quality of perception that distinguishes Emily Dickinson's poetry permeated the whole of her life. Her personality was integrated in a sense that makes the jargon of psychiatry seem feeble.

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City.....State.....

Prize Poems. 1913-1929. Edited by Charles Wagner. Charles Boni. $.75.

These "Prize Poems" form an interesting survey of poetry during the twenties. And Mr. Wagner's idea of gathering them together is a very good one. They appear, moreover, in the Boni Paper Books series, an inexpensive and delightful presentation, and with a very charming introduction by Mark Van Doren. The level of the prize poems included is on the whole high. Such outstanding poems as T. S. Eliot's The Waste Land, Malcolm Cowley's Blue Juniata, William Carlos Williams's Paterson, and Wallace Stevens's Pecksniffiana would make any collection interesting. There are few really bad poems, and those are distinctly in the class of occasional verse on patriotic or assigned subjects. Most of the prizes were given by a magazine to the best poems printed in its pages during a year's time and were not for assigned subjects in verse. If the kind of poetry has been dictated in any way at all it is only by some undefined standard, literary or political, on the part of the magazine granting the prize. The *Dial* poems are the most distinguished, therefore, in literary quality; *Poetry,* with its many years of granting prizes, presents in this collection a kind of survey of the entire period, beginning with Lindsay's General William Booth Enters Heaven and running through all the well-known names of the renaissance of 1913. *Contemporary Verse,* truly conservative, grants its prizes to sweet lyrics. *The Nation* inclines toward poems on more broadly human subject matter. Altogether this anthology of prize poems is representative and adequate, a book worth having.

Dandelion Days. By Henry Williamson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

"Dandelion Days" standing by itself and not considered in relation to other volumes of Mr. Williamson's spiritual biography of Willie Maddison is a charming story of English public-school life just before the war. As those who are familiar with Willie's childhood from "The Beautiful Years" or with his early manhood in "The Pathway" know, he is the eternally recurrent lover of nature in all her varied forms. The conflict between forest and school for possession of his time, his fine friendship for Jack Temperley, and his boyhood love-dream for Elsie are the major themes in this melodic novel of an imaginative boy's adolescence. Most of the space in the book is taken up with accounts of the perpetual feuds carried on between the boys and their instructors, many of which are richly humorous or downright and delightfully funny. But even of a good thing—as many a sage has warned us—there can be too much. The chief fault of "Dandelion Days" lies in its relationship with the other novels that belong under the inclusive title "The Flax of Dream." Willie's adolescent years are here, one feels, being too lightly dealt with. Those who do not know Mr. Williamson, however, should hasten to make his acquaintance.

Potato Face. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

Sandburg's new Rootabaga volume contains twelve stories told by the Potato Face Blind Man to some of his little friends. They are all about Yonder the Yinder, Pigeon Foot, Longarms, Quish and Quee, the Hot Ashes Sisters; and about such extraordinary creatures as "flinyons" and "snooxes" and "spiffs" and "spink bugs." These fancies and fooleries seem, for the most part, intended to be quite meaningless, unmarred by ulterior motives. For certain imaginative children, and also for those adults who have been able to retain a childlike love for preposterous make-believe and funny-sounding cacophony, Potato Face's conversation should prove a delight. And if you have enjoyed the other Rootabaga books you will like this one.

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The Loyalists in the American Revolution. By Claude H. Van Tyne. New York: Peter Smith. $4.

This work was originally published in 1902 and has long been considered the classic one on the subject. It is time that a new, thoroughgoing study was made of the Loyalists, but the lapse of years has not impaired the value of this one, and both scholar and general reader may well be grateful for a reprint of what has for long been a scarce and almost unobtainable book.

Money. By D. H. Robertson. Introduction by J. M. Keynes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

This is a revised and largely rewritten edition of a book with the same title first published in 1922, the reasons for the recasting being the important events in financial history that have occurred in the interval, including six years' experience of the Federal Reserve system and the fact that "the author believes himself to have learnt more of the truth about the theory of money." The volume is the second number of the Cambridge Economic Handbooks, edited by Professor Keynes.

Orphan of Eternity, or the Katabasis of the Lord Lucifer Satan. By Carl Heinrich. Louis Carrier and Company. $2.50.

In a day when the obviously clever is heralded as ironic subtlety, this genuine satire is likely to receive less than its due. Satan, thrust from hell, victim of a reform movement the purpose of which is to provide the inhabitants with a consciousness of guilt that they may have the pleasure of sinning, ascends to earth, where he finds things not quite what they used to be. He continues on the ascent and eventually arrives at the gates of heaven, where the denouement is, to say the least, unusual. Mr. Heinrich has chosen to couch his descriptive passages in Biblical English, which he writes delightfully, and in parts "Orphan of Eternity" rises to splendid utterance, as witness the conversation between Eve and Satan, the speeches of the three wise men (whom most readers should recognize), and the outline of living as practiced on the planet of Paranoia. Throughout most of his book Mr. Heinrich is as mordacious as Swift, but toward the end his admiration and affection for his hero get the better of him, so much so that he has yielded to the temptation of providing a superlatively happy ending.

Drama

Finale

THE season now reaching its end seems to me to have been rather more entertaining than usual. An assiduous theatergoer might easily have spent some twenty-five or thirty very agreeable evenings in various playhouses, and he might besides, in the course of his peregrinations, have accumulated a lesser but still considerable number of impressions sure to remain in his memory. Neither "The Green Pastures" nor "Strictly Dishonorable" is likely to be soon forgotten, and neither, for that matter, is "Meteor"—even though this latter play be granted to have been tantalizingly imperfect. Each had a freshness and an originality which bear witness to the fact that the American drama is genuinely alive, and each was produced with a skill equaled only by that displayed in three or four revivals of familiar plays.

"The Green Pastures" has been acclaimed with an enthusiasm surprising to certain wise men of the theater, and its greatness has been so generally recognized by the critical that it seems hardly worth while to insist again that it is almost a miracle, but the excellence of "Strictly Dishonorable" is of

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†Lost Sheep—Selwyn—42nd St., W. of B'dway.
*Michael and Mary—Hopkins—155 W. 49th St.
†Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47th St., W. of B'dway.
*The Last Mile—Sam. H. Harris—42nd St., W. of B'dway.
†Topaze—Music Box—45th St., W. of B'dway.
*Uncle Vanya—Cort—W. 48th St.

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Journey's End—Gaiety—46th St. and B'dway.
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so light and fragile a kind that it may once more be defended against those who can never associate excellence with fragility. Mr. Sturges, its author, failed lamentably with his next play, and I do not know how far he was conscious of the qualities which lifted "Strictly Dishonorable" high above other comedies which it superficially resembles; but the secret, I think, lies in the fact that it gives a local habitation to a timeless spirit. It is comedy as comedy has always been written; it deals, as such comedy always does, with the triumph of gaiety and wit and insouciance over prudence and respectability and decorum. But conventional as, in this best sense of the word, it is, it is also completely of today. Any great comedy writer of any nation or time would recognize its spirit, and yet only an American of 1930 could get the full flavor of its allusions or guess how neatly it catches the accent of the moment. Thus it accomplishes what every such comedy should accomplish. It takes the material afforded by contemporary life and gives it the form consecrated by the intelligence of generations, showing how our own doings can be interpreted after the same fashion as those which furnish the material for the great comedies of the past. To be sure, "Strictly Dishonorable" will not last long. It has few elements of permanence. And yet it might be called eternal, in a sense which has nothing to do with duration, because its spirit is part of an eternal spirit.

These two plays—the one so completely mondaine, the other achieving spirituality by a curiously oblique route—are the two most significant new plays seen during the year, but the record of the season would be very incomplete if it did not mention three productions remarkably fine: the Theater Guild's "A Month in the Country," Jed Harris's "Uncle Vanya," and Eva Le Gallienne's "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Le Gallienne gives us one of the most satisfactory productions of Shakespeare seen here in a long time, and the two plays from the Russian are interesting illustrations of an understanding of a certain kind of art for which America seems suddenly to have developed a comprehension and a taste. And if I may, to conclude, suggest candidates for the non-existent prize for the best individual performance given by any actor during the season I should like to add to the names which I mentioned at mid-season those of Richard B. Harrison ("The Green Pastures"), Alla Nazimova ("A Month in the Country"), Leslie Howard ("Berkeley Square"), and Eva Le Gallienne ("Romeo and Juliet").

At the Fulton Theater George M. Cohan is reviving the hilarious burlesque melodrama "The Tavern," which many will remember as the source of that useful question "What's all the shootin' for?" It is a perfect actor's play. The heroine has an opportunity to denounce three men as the villains responsible for her ruin, and though there is no sense to any of the action every one of the cast is given an opportunity for continual acting of the most "juicy" kind. The pity is only that a number of our more actory actors are not permitted to play the chief roles in turn. They might thus work a good deal of the congenital bad theater out of their systems and perhaps be in a position to perform with more restraint in plays not intended as burlesque.

"Ada Beats the Drum" (John Golden Theater) is a more than usually amusing farce based upon the adventures of some innocents abroad. Mama, anxious to become "Continental," has dragged her husband and daughter to Europe in the hope that they can be made to absorb some culture and some *savoir-vivre*. But father resists all the efforts which are made to teach him to "sip an apéritif," and even in Venice, where everybody else floats here and there in a gondola, daughter is obviously only riding around in a boat. Needless to say, the ways of the Middle West are finally vindicated, but the satire is both pointed and moderately subtle.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Will Gandhi Win?

By RICHARD B. GREGG

THE present upheaval in India is so vast and complex that it is very difficult to foresee the probable outcome. For Americans the difficulty is increased by the fragmentariness of all the reports which we get. Having left India as recently as April 17 I should like to describe certain elements of the movement for whatever such facts and opinions may be worth.

First of all, in regard to the Hindu-Moslem quarrels, so strongly stressed in all the British discussions: It is to be remembered that these quarrels occur almost entirely in the cities and but rarely in the villages. As nearly 90 per cent of the Indian population lives in villages, the city disputes are not so all-important as some reports would indicate. While the occasions of these disputes are various, the real cause is the desire of the Moslems for more power. At present many of their leaders believe that they can get power by siding with the government.

But the Moslem leaders do not wholly trust the British. Dr. Abdullah Suhrawady, in a recent supplementary note to the Indian Central Committee, expressed at considerable length the doubts and hesitations of the Moslem community. One sentence of it is revealing. He wrote:

> Can Moslems rely, as in the past, on the pledges, promises, and assurances of British statesmen and administrators, or are pledges and promises wrung during the storm and stress of war and the turmoil and trouble of unrest and discontent to be forgotten during times of peace and tranquillity and to be treated as scraps of paper?

As perhaps another indication of this state of mind we may take the following message issued on April 19 by the Moslem leaders Mohammed Ali and Shaukat Ali to the president of the United Provinces Moslem Conference: "Mussulmans must not allow themselves to be made the tools of any party. We want freedom for all, not a change of masters for Mussulmans." It is to be remembered that these two Ali brothers in 1920-21 were fast friends of Mr. Gandhi and worked side by side with him in the non-cooperation campaign. While they and other Moslem leaders are suspicious of many Hindus, it would seem that they have not wholly lost faith in Mr. Gandhi. For instance, at the All India Moslem Conference on Palestine Affairs held in Bombay on April 19, the president, Maulvi Mohammed Yakub, who is also deputy president of the Indian Legislative Assembly, strongly opposed the civil-disobedience movement, and yet after the meeting was over, according to the Associated Press of India,* he said that "as far as satisfying Moslem demands was concerned, he was convinced that the final say did not rest with Mr. Gandhi or Pandit Motilal Nehru, who might, perhaps, be actuated by conciliatory motives."

In my judgment, however, if Britain by her policy or acts in Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, or in relation to Afghanistan or the Indian Northwest Frontier makes a mistake which offends the Moslems of India, or if Mr. Gandhi's movement gains much more momentum, then the Indian Mohammedan leaders will soon swing to Mr. Gandhi. It is possible that the trouble at Peshawar on April 28, reported by wireless, and the sudden imposition of a rigid Indian press censorship by the Viceroy on the following day are an indication that some such slip as this occurred, for Peshawar is predominantly Mohammedan. The censorship will certainly tend to make the Mohammedans, as well as Hindus and people outside of India, somewhat suspicious of all the official news from the Indian government.

If the Mohammedan leaders come to feel that Mr. Gandhi and the National Congress have the greater probability of winning the struggle, then the Hindu-Moslem tension will become quite manageable. As long as the British are in power they are compelled to use the policy of *divide et impera,* and so the communal quarrels continue. That is not the personal policy of Lord Irwin or of the best Englishmen, but it is the inevitable policy of the bureaucracy which controls the practical interpretation and application of all orders from above. If British power wanes, the Moslems will become reconciled with their Hindu neighbors. It happened in 1920 and it can happen again. Indeed, Indian national independence ought to prove a far more unifying force than the exterior aim of the Khilafat was in 1920-21.

Lastly, it is to be realized that the Mohammedans are not united in their support of the government and their opposition to Mr. Gandhi. Many prominent Mohammedans in all parts of the country are working heartily for civil disobedience. Mr. Gandhi expressly nominated a Mohammedan, the Honorable Abbas Tyabji, former judge of the High Court, Baroda State, to succeed him in command of the salt-making volunteers in case Mr. Gandhi was arrested.

Although the support from Moslems has been very reassuring to the British, there is a counterbalancing factor which in my opinion outweighs the Moslem support. That factor is the understanding of Mr. Gandhi's principle of non-violent resistance on the part of all classes and groups of Indians. This understanding, and a willingness to give the principle a trial, is far more widespread that it was in 1920-21. This factor of popular understanding, support, and sympathy with the weapon being used, together with the fact that the actual number of volunteers is greater now, I believe, than it was in 1920-21, looks favorable for the independence party. Another factor of Mr. Gandhi's strength is that a great many more women are taking active part in this struggle than was the case in 1920-21. In Bombay, Ahmedabad, Madras, Delhi, and Allahabad the women were, according to last reports, especially active. Mr. Gandhi's message to the women is inspiring. In his paper *Young India* during the week of April 8 he wrote of women:

> In this non-violent warfare their contribution should be much greater than men's.

* The Associated Press of India is a subsidiary of Reuters, the English news service. It has no connection with the Associated Press in this country.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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> To call women the weaker sex is libel. It is man's injustice to woman. If by strength is meant brute strength, then indeed is woman less brute than man. If by strength is meant moral power, then woman is immeasurably man's superior. Has she not greater intuition? Has she not greater powers of endurance? Has she not greater courage? If non-violence is the law of our being, the future is with women. They have nursed these thoughts now for years.

And to the village women of Navsari he is reported to have said, "If this movement is to succeed, yours will have to be as big a share as man's, if not much bigger."

Another point to consider is the attitude of the Indian moderates and liberals. Without their support Britain could not govern India. During the past ten years they have struggled hard to win their goal by cooperating with the government in the legislatures. Now many have become disillusioned and have withdrawn, and some of the leading ones, such as Pandit Malaviya, N. C. Kelkar, and T. Prakasam, have gone over to Mr. Gandhi's camp and are active in promoting foreign-cloth boycott and the manufacture of contraband salt. Their state of mind was well expressed by Mr. K. M. Munshi after he resigned from the Bombay Legislative Council on April 14. He wrote to Mr. Gandhi asking to join his forces, saying in part:

> But after anxious thought I am convinced that the government is determined not to transfer any substantial power to Indians, that the present constitution is a mask to conceal irresponsible despotism of a well-organized official group, that no political progress or economic salvation is possible unless by magnitude of our sacrifice we compel, to borrow your inimitable phrase, "a complete change of heart" in those who have constituted themselves relentless enemies of our aspiration. In 1920 I left the Congress because at Nagpur you changed its creed. Today, in 1930, I rejoin it because I have come to believe that creed. For long I disapproved of your methods; today except through them I cannot visualize a free India.

It seems now as if the policy of the government would tend to drive more and more moderates and liberals into the independence camp. For instance, the punishments imposed upon the civil-disobedience leaders are extremely and arbitrarily different, though the offenses—sedition and violation of the salt laws—are all the same. Before the campaign began Mr. Vallabhbhai Patel, one of Mr. Gandhi's strongest supporters, was arrested and given three months' "simple" imprisonment and a fine of 500 rupees, not for speaking but simply for telling the constable that he intended to speak. About a month later Mr. Gandhi himself announced that he would go to that same village to speak, went there, and delivered a lengthy seditious speech to a considerable crowd, but he was entirely unmolested by the police. Mr. Gandhi's son Ramdas was given six months' imprisonment for making salt, but when Mr. Gandhi himself went to that village a few days later and himself likewise violated the salt law and delivered a seditious speech to the crowd, he was not interfered with or arrested. His other son, Devdos, in another province was given three months' simple imprisonment for inciting to violation of the salt laws. Mr. Jamnalal Bajaj and two others were given two years' "rigorous" imprisonment for making salt, while Mr. Nariman in the same province got only one month's simple imprisonment for exactly the same offense. In the hundreds of other cases the terms of imprisonment imposed range from one month to two years—some simple, some rigorous; some with money fines, some without. Another leader, Mr. T. Prakasam, in Madras, for the same offense of salt-making was arrested and immediately released. Upon repeating the offense a few days later he was again arrested, fined heavily, and his motor car seized and auctioned by the police to pay the fine, whereupon he was again released. According to latest dispatches he has again been arrested.

The government has followed the plan of arresting chiefly the prominent leaders and not the less-known volunteers, "lopping off the tall poppies," as *Young India* describes it. And in the midst of all the jail sentences and fines, Mr. Gandhi, the fountain head of sedition and inspirer of the whole movement, was allowed to go scot free until almost two months after his campaign had begun. Such inequalities of law enforcement cannot but make the moderates and liberals feel that law as administered by the British in India has no connection with justice, but is merely an instrument of intimidation and control by the alien British minority. The police are not servants of the courts but only puppets of the executive.

Other indications of ferment among the moderates are found in the resolutions of the bar associations of Delhi, Mangalore, Meerut, Bhagalpur, and other places that their members must wear *khaddar* (Indian homespun) for attendance at court; and in the strong protests of the bar associations of Bombay, Viramgam, and other towns against the alleged illegality of the arrest of Mr. Vallabhbhai Patel. Mr. Broker, the crown prosecutor of Ahmedabad, resigned his position on April 11 and joined Mr. Gandhi. The press censorship may have a further disillusioning effect upon some of the moderates and drive them into action with Mr. Gandhi as the sole outlet for their repressed feelings and the only way to justify their previous professions of desire for Indian self-government. Even the ruling princes of the Indian States are showing signs of discontent and have publicly notified the Viceroy that they want better treatment. Mr. Nicholson's recent book states some of the grounds for their resentment. If British India gets freedom the Indian States will not lag far behind in requests for a share of the cake.

It is said in the pro-British press that the depressed classes are opposed to Mr. Gandhi. So far as I know, only two leaders of untouchables from Poona have spoken thus. On the other hand, Deirukkhar, a leader of untouchables in Bombay, took part in the salt-making on April 12, while thousands of untouchables in Ahmedabad are among Mr. Gandhi's active followers. Mr. Gandhi's years of continuous work and achievement for the untouchables assure him ample support from them. Time will tell.

The Akali Sikhs are another accession of strength to the independence camp. On April 12 at Amritsar there was a meeting of the Working Committee of the Shromani Akali Dal and Jathedars of the district Akali Jathas. It was, according to the report in the *Hindustan Times* of Delhi, "resolved that . . . to keep aloof from the struggle is not in keeping with the noble traditions of the Sikhs." The meeting fixed the number of volunteers to be furnished by each district and decided that they would join the satyagrahis in twenty days, which allowed time to complete the reaping of the harvest.

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The Indian business community has thrown its influence to the side of Mr. Gandhi. Mr. G. D. Birla, who resigned with Pandit Malaviya from the Legislative Assembly, is one of the wealthiest Indians, with large cotton- and jute-mill interests, and a member of the Marwari community of merchants. Mr. Jamnalal Bajaj, one of Mr. Gandhi's right-hand men, is also a wealthy member of that community. The wife, the sister, and two of the daughters of the leading cotton manufacturer of Ahmedabad are active in the satyagraha campaign. The foreign-cloth boycott is supported by the Maharastra Chamber of Commerce, the Bombay Shroffs' (Merchants') Association, the Bombay Stock Exchange, the Bombay Bullion Exchange, the cloth merchants' associations of Bombay, Delhi, Amritsar, Cawnpore, Rawalprindi, and many other cities.

A final significant item is that the movement to refuse to pay land revenue taxes, which yield a large share of the government's revenue, seems actually to have begun. According to the Associated Press of India, on April 19 at Bardoli Mr. Gandhi told the villagers that if they would use only contraband salt, eradicate the drink evil, spin and wear only homespun cloth, and stop paying land revenue taxes they would gain *swaraj* (self-government). Bardoli is the district in which the villagers in 1928, by non-violent resistance led by Mr. Vallabhbhai Patel, compelled the Bombay Provincial Government to grant revision of the assessment of land taxes. On April 23, according to the Associated Press of India and the Bombay *Chronicle,* the villagers of Raas, where Mr. Vallabhbhai Patel was arrested, decided not to pay land revenue taxes. It is fairly likely that this movement will spread.

In closing, let me quote from the *Indian Social Reformer* of Bombay, edited by a fine and able moderate, Mr. K. Natarajan. In its issue of the week of April 20 he reviewed the steadily accumulating power of Mr. Gandhi's movement and said, among other things:

> For our own part we do not see why a perfectly peaceful revolution cannot be achieved by Mahatma Gandhi's method in the absence of appropriate constitutional machinery, and if experience in the religious and social field counts we are sure that it can be so achieved. It is a method requiring infinite endurance, patience, and perseverance, but it is a sure method whose every failure but makes final success the more certain.

Contributors to This Issue

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HAROLD KELLOCK is an American journalist now connected with the Soviet Union Information Bureau.

RICHARD B. GREGG has just returned from India, where he spent several days with Gandhi.

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